



No. 892
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23 Feb. '96

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SCOTT REPORT SHOCK



Why should
I resign? I have done
nothing right

INSIDE
SCOTTCHA!

The truth, the
half-truth and
nothing like the truth

FOOTNOTES SPECIAL



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An Apology

IN THE months leading up to the publication of the Scott Report, I, in common with a number of other senior conservative figures, may have given the impression that I thought Sir Richard Scott was in some way unsuitable for the task of leading an Inquiry into the vexed matter of the sale of arms to Iraq.

Articles I wrote in various journals under headlines such as "Inexperienced Judge Fails to Understand Whitehall" (Telegraph), "Scott Guilty of Grave Injustice to Ministers" (Times) and "Sir Richard Trot — Stop This Loonie Leftie Before He and His Commie Pals Blow Up The Houses of Parliament" (Spectator) may have led readers to infer that I might be critical of the choice of Lord Justice Scott.

My comments in an interview with Radio 4's Today programme last week may also have inadvertently reinforced this perception. I suggested that Lord Justice Scott was guilty of misleading the public, lying to the media and attempting to put innocent cabinet ministers in prison.

I now realise that nothing could be further from the truth. Having read Sir Richard's report, I now see clearly that he is an extraordinarily capable, fair-minded and just judge who has produced an immensely sober, serious and responsible document.

I further accept that his complete vindication of all senior Conservative figures, including myself, is an exemplary piece of legal and moral judgement unrivalled in its wisdom since the days of Solomon himself.

Far from being "strung up", I now believe that Sir Richard Scott should be elevated to the House of Lords to sit with such distinguished figures as myself.

I sincerely regret any misunderstanding that may have arisen and would like to offer Sir Richard my sincere apologies for any distress that this may have caused.

E. Stobes

pp Lord Gnome of Aberacadabra

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● **SCOTTCHA!** The truth, the half-truth and nothing like the truth. Footnotes Special, pages 25-27

BRITISH Gas, wrestling with the government, the regulator and a growing financial crisis, is proposing to split itself in two, assigning its debts to its weaker half. First, though, it faces a nasty session with the monopolies commission.

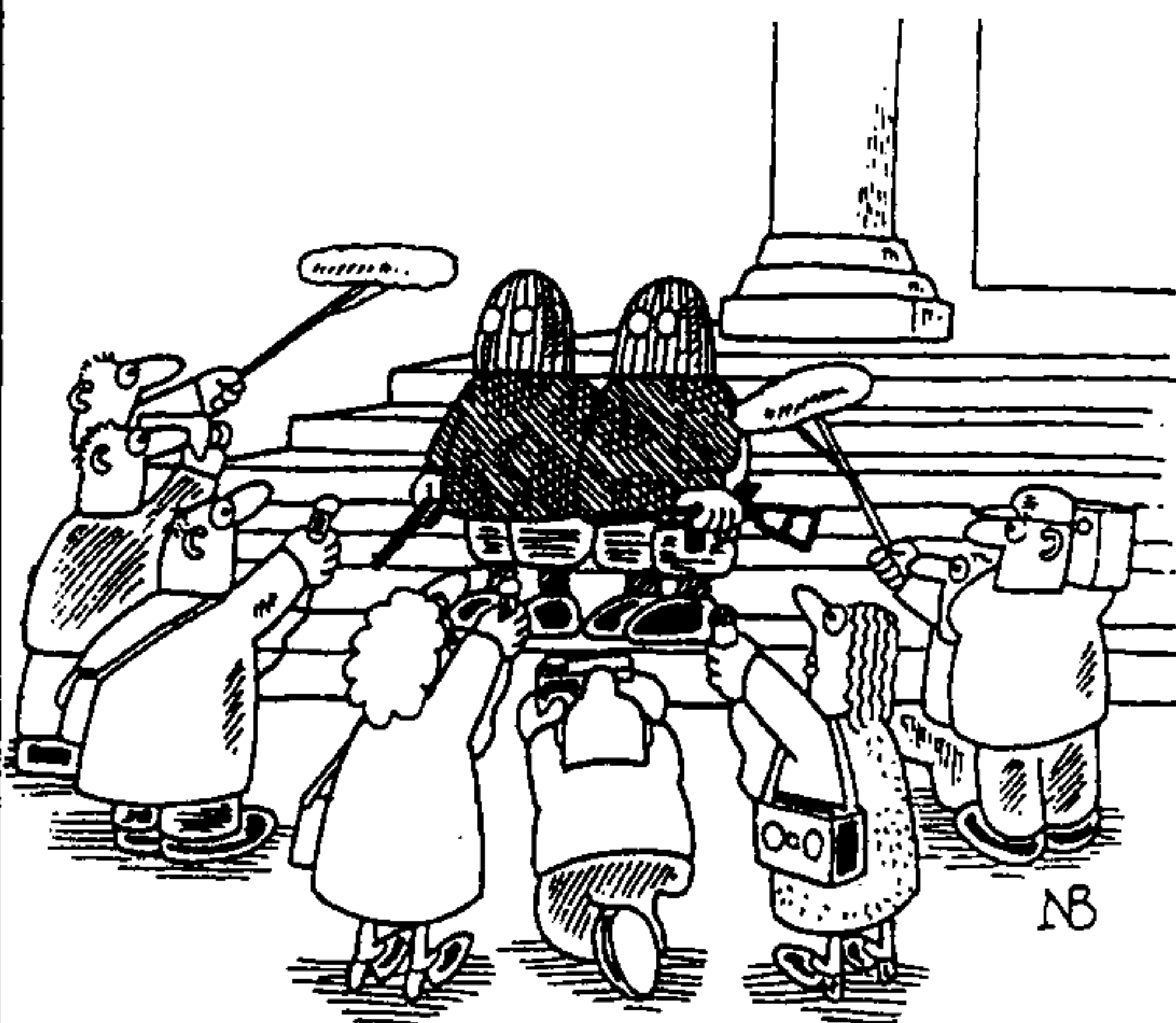
It was a different story when Peter Walker privatised it in 1986, waxing lyrical about how it would bring share-owning to a million simple folk like Sid. He was backed by an 80-page brochure from N.M. Rothschild, *Pathfinder Prospectus*, which painted a glowing picture of an expanding industry. We suggested modestly it would be more accurate to tell them they were taking shares in a company with a crumbling market, declining at 10 percent a year (see *Private Eye*, 14 November 1986).

Walker duly joined the firm he had privatised and is still in the boardroom as a non-executive director earning (sic) £20,000 a year, while his brash chairman Richard Giordano (£450,000) is trying (as he has said) to get rid of the army of nearly two million shareholders. They cost the company £10 a head just in company reports. So the new slogan is: Sod off, Sid.

British Gas has tried to get the government to put a levy on gas prices for all customers to rescue it after it bought gas at 20p a therm just before the price fell to 10p a therm. It was an attempt at legalised blackmail — the government could not let British Gas go bust — but it hasn't worked.

The £40 billion liability for the over-priced gas will be assigned to British Gas Energy, the company responsible for delivering gas into 20 million homes. The calculation is that it can't be allowed to collapse; and the implication is that if the government won't yield the gas producers — mainly oil companies — will have to. Someone, even now, must be wrestling with the details to ensure that, whoever picks up the bill, the public pays it in the end.

GAS consumers should write to the handsomely pensioned chief executive Cedric Brown if they have a complaint about British Gas.



"It's a constructive and meaningful bombing campaign to secure a just and lasting war"

COLOUR SECTION

A Beckenham customer, left without gas over Christmas, wrote angrily to the relevant department and sent a photocopy, marked "copy", to Brown's office.

The following week Martyn Daley of customer services replied on behalf of Brown, mis-spelling the customer's name but sending a cheque for £90. Three days later a customer assistant also replied — enclosing a cheque for £70.

The customer's letter had accused British Gas of incompetence, claiming that its left hand did not know what its right hand was doing. Don't you just love being in control?

THE forthcoming trial of former top inland revenue investigator Michael Allcock looks like exposing his ex-bosses to some unwelcome scrutiny — and not before time.

It is now five years since the revenue's highly publicised raid on the Worthing offices of Octav Botnar's Nissan UK — following a tip-off, allegedly, by the Japanese car giants with whom Botnar was in dispute that Nissan UK was avoiding corporation tax on a massive scale.

Such allegations were not entirely altruistic. The Japanese were desperate to sabotage their former UK distributors as Botnar was poised to sign an agreement with Fiat which would have converted his entire nationwide dealer chain to the Italian car-maker. The revenue raid effectively scuppered that possibility: within weeks, Botnar's business collapsed and more than 2,000 jobs were lost.

Apologists for the revenue have always argued that the raid was justified because it unearthed personal tax evasion by two former directors, Frank Shannon and Michael Hunt, both of whom were subsequently jailed. The 82-year-old Botnar is still holed up in Switzerland with arrest warrants outstanding. But the fact remains that, five years on, and after an investigation costing an estimated £25 million, no charges have been brought against the company itself or any of the other directors.

Plans are now afoot by some former Nissan employees to sue the revenue. But what with ministers crowing about Japanese investment in Britain, lawyers expect any attempt to discover the truth about the revenue raid to be met with a blizzard of public interest immunity certificates.

A SMALL further thought on Ian Lang's breathtakingly poor performance on the Scott Report. (See Footnotes for full analysis.)

It concerns an obscure paragraph, G.11.20. This concerns an amended PII certificate signed by Peter Lilley. Unfortunately for the government there was a note attached to the form explaining why Mr Lilley had to sign a new certificate in place of the one he'd already signed: "Leading counsel is of the opinion that the changes will reduce the risk that the Judge will call for copies of the documents." This could blow an enormous hole in Ian Lang's defence of ministers' behaviour — his claim that ministers knew the judge would read all the documents and make his own mind up whether to release them.

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STREET OF SHAME

DAILY Mirror editor Piers Morgan cleared the proposed purchase of the Darius Guppy story with the press complaints commission (PCC) to get round the voluntary code which bans payments to convicted criminals.

But there is some dispute as to why the *Mirror* withdrew from the deal. Morgan claims to have discovered belatedly that the £75,000 fee would not be going to Guppy's creditors after all, but to the anonymous friend who had discharged £156,000 of Guppy's debts as a condition for his release. Others say Mirror Group chief executive David Montgomery intervened because the price was too high.

However, the *Mirror* may yet have to pay the full fee without getting the story because of a nifty clause inserted into the contract by Guppy's lawyer, former *Scallywag* brief David Price. This stated that "the editor of the *Daily Mirror* should have the right not to publish the story only in the exceptional event that the plaintiff [Guppy] did not fulfil his obligations under the contract". The contract was signed on behalf of the *Mirror* by features editor Tina Weaver, who was apparently too tired at the end of a busy day to read all the clauses properly.

Hacks at the *Mirror* are even more demoralised since Morgan arrived than they were before. One hack, recruited from the *Today* diaspora, has quit to join the *Daily Mail* at a reduced salary after only a couple of months because he feels Morgan has failed to deliver on his promise to reintroduce quality tabloid journalism at the *Mirror*. Indeed, the newsdesk has produced a new version of the paper's front-page slogan "Honesty, Quality, Excellence". It reads: "Lite, Trite, Shite".

THE *What The Papers Say* Awards failed to give a prize for the person who read the Scott Report the fastest.

Easily the winner was the *Observer's* John Sweeney who was seen wandering round the *What the Papers Say* lunch the day after Scott was published, clutching a single green volume in one hand and a drink in the other. Asked by a mischievous hack where the other four volumes were, he breezily declared: "I've read them already."

RELATIONS between the *Guardian* and its sister paper the *Observer* are anything but comradely at the moment.

As *Grauniad* editor Alan Rusbridger has to squeeze his budgets to subsidise the £1 million-a-month cost of Andrew Jaspán's disastrous "relaunch" of the *Observer*, members of the Scott Trust — which runs both papers — are belatedly coming to the conclusion that Jaspán's appointment may have been a mistake.

Displaying his brilliant political nous, Jaspán has now managed to antagonise veteran hack Anthony Sampson, one of the few Scott Trust members who has continued to support him. Having been commissioned to write a 3,500-word "Review Front" about his friend Nelson Mandela for last Sunday's paper, Sampson was furious to learn on Friday night that his piece was to be truncated and buried inside instead.

Jaspán has also alienated his staff by trying to sack hackette Ruth Fisher, who is four-and-a-half months pregnant. Fisher has served the paper loyally for more than 10 years, during which time her then-lover Farzad Bazoft was jailed and executed while reporting for the *Observer* in Iraq. Oddly enough, a photo of Bazoft hangs outside the editor's office. Last week the paper's NUJ chapel passed a motion deploring Jaspán's "cowardly action".

JASPÁN has also been impressing *Observer* hacks with the breadth of his reading. At a recent editorial conference he rebuked his political staff for not getting close enough to the Labour leadership. "Why can't you be more like Bel Littlejohn of the *Guardian*?" he demanded. "She even goes dancing with Gordon Brown." No one had the heart to tell him that Bel Littlejohn is in fact the fictional creation of a scurrilous — and male — satirical columnist.

Still, Jaspán is not alone in his misconception. The distinguished left-wing historian Eric Hobsbawm startled his dinner-guests recently by reminiscing about his long friendship with Ms Littlejohn. "I used to see a lot of her in the '70s," he revealed.

THE romance between little Lord Stevens of Tory Central Office and Lord Hollick of "new" Labour (the latter is taking over the helm of Express Newspapers) got off to a poor start.

On the day the shotgun wedding between United Newspapers and the MAI broadcasting consortium was to be announced, Lord Stevens was in a filthy rage. His clever new editor of the *Daily Express*, Richard "Monk" Addis, kept everyone waiting by turning up half an hour late without an excuse. "I pay you a fortune," yelled the red-faced little lord at his laid-back editor. "And you can't even be bothered to be punctual. I won't have it!!!"

Meanwhile the imminent arrival of Hollick caused near-panic at the *Daily Star*.

During his brief reign at the *Mirror*, puritanical Hollick banned alcohol from the building. Hacks now fear he will introduce a similar rule at the *Star*, which is notorious for its strict adherence to traditional Fleet Street practices: a pint of Guinness before morning conference washed down with several whiskies, and so on until press-time.

The ban will be particularly bad news for *Star* editor Phil Walker and drinking crony Peter Hill (see recent *Eyes passim*), who may find it tough getting through the day on nothing more nourishing than a glass of water.

THE City editor of the *Independent* Jeremy Warner recently wrote a memo to managing editor Colin Hughes revealing that yet another of his staff was leaving for a mid-market tabloid at a greatly increased salary.

Complaining that he was "sick" of being blackmailed by hacks as a way of negotiating pay rises, he advised Hughes to call the journalist's bluff.

Alas! Such is Warner's inability to run a bath, let alone a department, he sent his memo not to Hughes but to David Hellier, the hack in question. To rub it in, he then sent a second memo to Hellier saying it was a moral issue: although he too had been offered a far greater salary elsewhere, one worked for the *Indie* not for money but for the cause, the greater good of mankind, etc.

This Jeremy Warner is completely unrelated to the other Jeremy Warner at the *Indie* who, in spite of earning £85,000 a year, has lately applied for the City editorship of the *Mail on Sunday*, the deputy business editorship of the *Times* and the City editor's job at the *Sunday Telegraph*. That Jeremy Warner was shown the door on all three occasions.

POOR Peter McHackey, the world's worst columnist. The torment continues over his deeply misunderstood relationship with secretary Caroline 'Airhead' Aherne.

Evening Standard hacks, on St Valentine's Day, were witnessed actually laughing aloud over a copy of their own newspaper — not normally something to raise a chuckle. It was not, however, the laboured JAK cartoon about the Irish 'peace process' that caused this merriment, but the detailed diagram in the background. Among the hundreds of names littering the cartoon, an eagle-eyed hack had spotted two unusual ones — at the bottom, McHackey, and right at the top, Aherne. Sniggered at, in his own organ! McHackey should sue.

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LORD Tebbit has been surprised to see Geoffrey Robinson MP, the new owner of the *New Statesman*, widely described as a "socialist millionaire".

On a TV show a couple of years ago, Robinson quoted Tebbit, incorrectly, as saying that no one with a conscience votes Tory. Tebbit duly threatened to sue Robinson for libel — but let him off when the desperate Labour MP pleaded that he was far too impoverished to defend the case!

MAX "Hitler" Hastings, editor of the *London Evening Standard*, has been enjoying a little light sacking.

Veteran critic and columnist Milton Shulman, anxious about his future, had sought a meeting with Hitler, who swore that Shulman was "a treasure... one of the foundations upon which the *Standard* is built". A week later a letter arrived *chez* Shulman giving him the sack.

A vicious purge of *Standard* photographers was needed, however, to satisfy Hitler's bloodlust. Clive Howes, Alison McDougall, John Miniham and picture desk number three Guy Simpson have all now been axed. The latter was let down gently: Hitler told him he was "surplus to requirements" in a meeting that lasted, oh, less than a minute.

Hitler's high-handedness — particularly in sacking Shulman — caught the eye of the *Sunday Telegraph's* Sir Peregrine Worsthorne last week, who wrote that Shulman had served his paper "with distinction" for many years and lamented the new tendency for elderly columnists to be "given the push".

This is not the same Peregrine Worsthorne who, during his brief and disastrous stint as editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, was responsible for the equally high-handed sacking of Philip Purser, a veteran TV critic who had served his paper "with distinction" for many years.

EVENING Standard hacks weren't surprised to find "star" feature writer Rory Knight Bruce drowning his talents near their Kensington bunker recently.

But barmen at the poseurs' paradise 192 and The Globe became increasingly alarmed as Knight Bruce collapsed three times, waving his head from side to side and unable to concentrate — a condition usually suffered by his reader(s). Eventually fragrant hackette Davina Blewitt insisted the disoriented Knight Bruce be put in a taxi home and consult a doctor first thing in the morning.

He returned solemnly to work the next day with the chilling diagnosis: "Stop drinking so much."

WILL *Spectator* editor Frank Johnson be putting his beloved young protégée Petronella Wyatt over his knee?

Her piece on 17 February about the joys of smoking bore an uncanny resemblance — paragraph after paragraph was copied out verbatim — to the one she wrote two years ago in the *Sunday Telegraph*. Tut tut.

HALLO!

THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN



HALLO! YOUNG Prince William, I hear, has been banned from the highlight of the Eton school year. With express permission of the headmaster, and in conditions of great secrecy, the head of Literary Studies organized for a world-famous writer to address a select group of carefully-screened boys on 'The Media.' But Wills could not go because it was no less a celebrity than Mr James Whitaker, champagne-fuelled royal hack from bolshevik-leaning Daily Mirror!

HALLO! THE Duchess of York's rapacious former confidant Johnny Bryan is ungallantly demanding ten per cent of world-wide royalties on Fergie's brilliant and original Budgie oeuvre. But the bald Texan's impending bankruptcy is obviously causing (temporary) memory loss.

In March last year, in Oslo to judge the Miss Norway competition, Johnny was asked by Se Og Hor, Scandinavia's largest circulation magazine, about his business in-put to La Fergiana's affairs. "I am glad to you asked me that question," replied the Texan toe-sucker. "I have never been her financial adviser! Sarah is a very talented business woman herself."

Oops, there goes his ten per cent!

HALLO! HOW proper that Oprah Winfrey and the Princess of Wales should be close friends, and talk frequently on the phone about world affairs, diets and men (why are they such bastards?). The Palace, terrified Diana will soon agree to 'do' the American's chat show, might like to know that dear Oprah is now taking etiquette lessons on behaviour at court!

HALLO! THE persecution of Mark Thatcher (Part 103). Fearful of renewed IRA hostilities, Maggie's boy has asked for police protection at his new Cape Town home — and been turned down! As an asylum seeker (over a piffling £1 million of unpaid taxes in Texas), this can only be put down to, well, racism. Mark now fears he'll have to call on the British Special Branch, not his best friends.

This rift dates from the boy's last visit here, and his nocturnal call upon Angela Clements. Alas, the normally tactful Mark fell out with his official minders the moment they met him at Heathrow. Curtly, he informed them he had a private engagement that evening. "Of course, sir," came the reply. "We'll be right outside."

Embarrassed, Mark explained this was very private. The reply, however, was the same — at which point the boy Thatcher was forced, blushing, to confess that if they spotted a suspicious individual lurking nearby under the lampposts, it was not necessarily an assassin. It might, admitted Mark, be the private detective his wife Diane had hired to tail him!

HALLO! AT LAST I believe I've found the perfect job for Ernest Saunders, the 'Alzheimer One', so unjustly persecuted over the Guinness scandal. Leeds City Council Health Unit are advertising a position for which Ernest is probably the most qualified man in Britain.

"Advocate for people with Dementia (Temporary)."

HALLO! WHY oh why so much scandal at the apex of the C of E? The Duke of Edinburgh, however, is sensibly ignoring the cries of revolution emanating from St George's House, Windsor Castle — right under his own, er, nose!

Prince Philip founded this religious 'think tank', opened by Brenda in 1966, and much patronised by all royals. Alas, today, St George's is a house divided — by megalomaniac Warden, Professor Richard Whitfield, formerly of Save The Children Fund, but now more famous as chairman of the right-wing National Family Trust, where he demonstrates his Christian charity by calling upon single mother's to give up their children for adoption. Such is the fear and loathing he has inspired at his Windsor base, however, that two reports have been commissioned into plummeting staff morale. Both were damning. "He is still not respected or trusted," wrote the hired consultant, adding that the Warden seen as: 'devious', 'a bully', 'secretive', only concerned with his own 'glorification and prestige'. Recently there has even been an exchange of solicitors letters regarding Whitfield's tormenting of women. Curiously, the Prof. was a mite unchivalrous to the Marquesa. "I cannot comment on any matter to do with legal issues," he snapped. "I am not prepared to speak to you. Goodbye."

Prince Philip and fellow council members, including five Knights of the Garter (the saintly Lord Carrington, *bien sur*), have taken a very sensible attitude towards these desperate cries for help. They chucked the report in the bin!

HALLO! LAST Thursday, to escape the hoo-ha over the Scott report, John Major caught the 18.30 from Waterloo to Weymouth, travelling first class in carriage number five. As the train pulled out, the conductor announced over the loud-speaker system: "The doors between the fifth and sixth carriages will be locked due to a defect on this train."

Such disrespect for our brilliant Prime Minister!

HALLO! THE Marquesa was present last year at which Dominic Lawson was holding forth about the OJ Simpson trial. There was no doubt, he proclaimed, that Simpson would be found guilty. So sure was he that he bet another dinner guest, an American Vogue journalist, Julia Reed, \$500 that the jury would return a guilty verdict. However, we understand that to date he has forgotten to pay up. Being, unlike Alan Clark, an upright English gentleman, Lawson, we are sure, will soon make good the debt.

'The Marquesa'



"Congratulations — it's a yob!"

HONORARY DEGREES



TEMPERS are fraying at Nottingham Trent university where Kenneth Clarke, the local MP and chancellor of the exchequer, is to receive an honorary degree for services to education.

Clarke's most recent "service to education" has been to impose staggering cuts of £300 million on higher education, so the degree proposal has not been welcomed by academics. When the board of deans noticed the proposal from vice-chancellor Professor Ray Cowell to grant Clarke an honour from the law faculty, they rejected it outright.

Now, since every academic department has refused to honour the chancellor, the governors are considering awarding him a degree "of the university". The academic board will be refused the right to vote this time and opponents, who have pointed out that the university's articles include a regulation that no honorary degree should normally be given to a serving politician, have been frostily ignored.

So why isn't the board of governors letting the matter rest when feelings against Clarke run so high? Could it have something to do with the chair of Nottingham Trent's board of governors, one Sir David White?

Sir David is a stalwart Tory who was appointed chairman of the Nottingham health authority in 1986. Eye readers will recall the strange story of the Nottingham Health Clinic, a private care centre for alcoholics which was set up by a partnership between the Nottingham HA and a private firm employing the Tory MP for Broxtowe, Jim Lester. When the department of health was informed, the authority chaired by Sir David was warned that it was acting beyond its powers and that the arrangement with the clinic was illegal. The then secretary of state for health, Kenneth Clarke, was apparently "not informed" about it.

Despite this ticking off the clinic continued in partnership with the authority until a hostile district auditor's report pointed out that £1.8 million of public money had been spent on this illegal enterprise. Then the authority's interest in the clinic was quietly sold. Although Clarke's department had stated that Sir David's health authority had acted illegally, this didn't stop the government giving Sir David a lucrative position as chair of the Coal Authority soon after.

PS: Sir David was educated at Nottingham High School along with his good chum, Kenneth Clarke.

21st February - Mothers' Union "Uganda Experiences"
with Simon Tillotson 8.00 pm Old Hall All Welcome

St Andrews Parish Magazine, Paddock Wood

15.10 Namiddag en vooravond

15.10 The Andrew Neil Show Praatshow van Andrew Neil

'Humo', Holland



MOST drivers who appear before magistrates charged with careless driving are doomed if they are confronted by a) a witness and b) a police officer supporting the witness. But magistrates can be merciful, even so.

The case against a Devon driver looked bad when a mother-of-two, Sian Cooper, told Exmouth magistrates that the driver's Jaguar had persistently and dangerously tried to overtake her in the village of Knowle. PC John Bromidge, who saw the whole incident in his rear mirror, agreed with her account and described the man's driving as "dangerous".

The accused agreed he was late for a tennis tournament but insisted that did not matter. He said he was "absolutely not guilty". The magistrates took a long time to reach a decision and even adjourned to take a look at the scene. They found the defendant not guilty and awarded him legal costs from public funds.

The magistrates' decision was reached solely on the merits of the case and had nothing whatever to do with the fact that the defendant was Sir Peter Emery, 69, the local Tory MP.

HUNDREDS of prison cells are lying empty and officially "mothballed", making a mockery of Michael Howard's attempts to ease prison overcrowding by keeping out non-payers of fines.

In his desperate attempt to save money he has frozen spending on repair and refurbishment of cell blocks at Leeds, Preston and Liverpool. Almost 500 cells will stay empty while inmates are herded together until somebody gives permission for the work to continue.

Meanwhile, the prison population continues to soar with Her Maj playing host to an all-time record of 52,000 guests. To aid their rehabilitation, by 1999 4,000 home office jobs will be axed by the Prisons Board — including prison officers, architects, engineers, medical officers, farm managers and surveyors. Leisure and educational facilities will also be axed as the prison service budget is reduced by 13.8 percent over the next three years.

INDEFATIGABLY pompous Blairite Patricia Hewitt is still desperate to find a safe Labour seat, circulating her cv to the few plum sinecures left.

The *Eye* worries that Pattie's boasts that she is an "old friend" of Harriet Harman (they worked together at the NCCL) may have lost their resonance, but her intimacy with the Blairs can't hurt.

Let's hope no one reminds interested "new" Labour constituency parties about Pattie's namesake — the Patricia Hewitt who, as the Bennite delegate from Holborn and St Pancras, told the 1980 Labour party conference that all conference policy (withdrawal from Europe; unilateral disarmament; equal rights for March hares, etc;) should automatically be included in the party manifesto.



TONY BLAIR and his circle could be further embarrassed in the saga of Liz Davies, the Islington councillor deemed by Labour bosses to be too socialist to stand for the new-look party in Leeds (see *Eyes passim*).

At Islington council where some "comrades" accused her of inciting violence at a meeting, things have turned nasty for the Blairites. Libel writs arrived for three of the accusers, while another, James Winston, is also now in trouble.

Winston, who denounced Davies to the party's ruling national executive committee, the second step in the campaign orchestrated by Islington chief whip Steven Twigg, was suspended by Islington North Labour party at the end of January following apparent irregularities in his housing benefit claims in the borough and in neighbouring Haringey.

This move followed national party secretary Tom Sawyer's refusal to act against him. The local Lizites also voted — by a large majority — to look into the way chief whip Twigg had failed to investigate allegations against Winston going back more than a year. In an extraordinary speech Twigg denounced the call for an inquiry as a "homophobic witchhunt" (both he and Winston are gay) and denied they'd ever slept together, though no one had ever suggested differently.

Winston, who is Blair's councillor and invited the Labour leader to help him switch on the borough's Christmas lights, has been muttering that if his Blairite chums don't look after him he'll spill the beans on the campaign against Liz Davies. Her supporters have always claimed that the councillors were acting on orders from Blair's office in denouncing her. Now that they face ruin in her libel action, it can only be a matter of time before one or more does spill the beans...

DEMONSTRATORS gathered outside the education department recently to lobby Robin Squire, under-secretary for state, as he went into a meeting to discuss crippling reductions in Brixton's primary school budget.

When the hunch-shouldered minister saw the crowd he craftily slipped in through the back door

thus avoiding the rabble — a dozen terrifying parents and a baby. In fact his efforts were pointless. As the disappointed demonstrators said afterwards: "We wouldn't have known what he looked like anyway."

GOVERNMENT information officers in Northern Ireland insist that the end of the ceasefire was not the reason they finished an enormous £3.3 million "Peace" advertising campaign commissioned from McCann Erickson (Belfast Ltd). It was that the adverts, which included primetime TV slots, had not changed attitudes.

People had been particularly unreceptive to advertising hoardings which had place names like Crossgar and Crossmaglen written across them, with the "Cross" crossed out and replaced with, er, "Happy". While Crossmaglen still had sniper warning signs in the street the viewing public felt no reason to rename it Happymaglen.

NICK PINE, a member of a leading Tory dynasty close to Havant MP David Willett, has been under fire locally.

As *Eye* 886 revealed, Pine's company Scope International had published a book detailing where to go in the world to get sex with children "of any age you require". Since then the book, *Sex Havens*, has been condemned by Hampshire vice squad officers and by campaigners against child prostitution; and Mr Pine has now decided to withdraw it from sale.

It was lines like "expect to pay \$50 for a very young virgin" and passages detailing where to find girls of "unpublishable ages" that caused upset in civilized Hampshire. Of course Pine, in his letter to the *Eye*, insisted the book was "in no way" a paedophile directory.

Mr Pine, whose mother Doris is president of Havant Conservative Association, was convicted in 1992 for sending unsolicited leaflets through the post describing sex with Thai prostitutes.

'Backbiter'

The Next Parliamentary Scandal?

ON Friday 26 January, with no publicity, an almost-empty House of Commons formally approved an order "that the Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Committee of Privileges on 1 November in the last session of Parliament and not reported to the House and the related Memorandum be laid upon the Table and referred to the Committee on Standards and Privileges for examination by the Parliamentary Commissioner for Standards." What does it all mean?

Thereby hangs a tale involving Mohamed Fayed and his allegations about the extra-curricular earnings of certain Tory MPs.

The saga began more than a year ago, when the committee on members' interests was investigating the connections between Fayed and Neil Hamilton MP.

On 5 December 1994, Fayed's lawyers, D.J. Freeman, wrote to committee chairman Sir Geoffrey Johnson-Smith MP with "further evidence" of the Harrods boss's dealings with Hamilton — including details of their meetings during the late 1980s, together with some fascinating allegations about what occurred at these meetings.

Fayed received a brief acknowledgement informing him that his services as a witness would not be required. In due course, the committee produced an exceedingly mild report effectively letting Hamilton off the hook. And that was that — until 1 November last year, when Fayed appeared before another parliamentary body, the privileges committee, while it was investigating the *Guardian's* infamous "cod fax" which had been used to obtain Jonathan Aitken's hotel bill from the Ritz in Paris.

At the start of proceedings, Fayed's counsel George Carman QC produced a written statement

which attempted to explain the background to the affair by describing Fayed's "dealings" with Tory MPs over the years, including Neil Hamilton. Sir David Mitchell, the committee whip, was horrified: he claimed the statement went way beyond the matter under inquiry.

By then, however, the committee members had already seen the statement — and noticed, stapled to it, a copy of the D.J. Freeman letter to Sir Geoffrey Johnson-Smith from December 1994. One or two MPs who also sat on the members' interests committee demanded to know why they had not been shown this at the time. Why had Sir Geoffrey, via his clerk, simply dismissed it out of hand without allowing his committee to consider it? Had they been allowed to see and investigate Fayed's allegations, it was suggested, the members' interests committee might not have been quite so swift to exonerate Hamilton.

David Alton MP then proposed that the privileges committee should investigate the suppression of this crucial document, but was heavily outvoted. Nevertheless, thanks to the order put through the House on 26 January, the affair will now be looked into by Sir Gordon Downey, the "commissioner for standards".

Since the D.J. Freeman letter was attached to George Carman's statement, it now counts officially as "evidence given to a select committee" and is therefore protected by qualified privilege. However, a senior clerk at the Commons, Jim Hastings, has written to certain MPs warning that "it is of course unreported evidence, and any member of the committee, or any other person, who published it would be guilty of a serious contempt of the House". In short, anyone who feels tempted to publicise Fayed's claims about Neil Hamilton will be in deep trouble.

NOOKS and CORNERS

HERE is a rum way to celebrate a change of date. In the centre of Perth (Scotland) is an Edwardian baroque city hall designed by Henry Clifford and opened in 1911. It was here that Grocer Heath made his "Declaration of Perth" in 1968, mendaciously promising devolution for the Scots.

That may not make it "historic", but to quote a promotional leaflet published by the leisure and recreation department of Perth & Kinross district council "Perth City Hall is a building of great architectural significance and beauty. Together with the Kirk of St John, it forms the focal point of central Perth, and, seen from the Mercat Cross in King Edward Street, it is appreciated at its majestic best."

Odd, then, that Perth & Kinross district council now proposes to demolish the city hall and to build a new one elsewhere. For instead of Clifford's building the council wants to clear an open space, opening up a view of St John's Kirk. This will be a civic forum, a "piazza" which, together with a new shopping mall and a "golden tower", will be designed by Page & Park of Glasgow. All this will cost some £25 million, and the hope is that the Millennium Commission will foot 70 percent of the bill. As Provost Jean McCormack remarks: "Perth has got to move with the times." Unfortunately, many of her subjects seem reluctant so to move, and 2,000 of them have signed a petition objecting to the demolition of the city hall.

I really do not know what to think. Perth lacks a civic space and the plain truth is that the city hall is a second-rate piece of Edwardian baroque which is topped by carved cherubs of peculiarly repulsive and inhuman aspect. It is not much good for conferences either, and I suppose one ought not to raise sentimental objections if a genuine improvement is proposed. On the other hand, one really ought not to acquiesce in the destruction of

solid, serviceable masonry buildings...

Or should one? In fact, if the Millennium Commission decides to help, this opens up exciting possibilities. The notion of spending large dollops of lottery money on unwanted and unnecessary new masterpieces designed by over-praised and over-patronised knighted London architects seems to many a gratuitous and self-indulgent way of marking a meaningless change of digit in the Christian calendar.

On the other hand, the idea of using millennium money to remove hideous and harmful buildings could well enjoy immense popular support. I think

space; how if the Ramada Hotel in Brighton were destroyed... I could go on.

So perhaps poor Henry Clifford's city hall in Perth ought to be sacrificed if we could look forward to the demolition of Lloyd's of London, the Lion Yard development in Cambridge or the St James's Centre in Liverpool. I live in hope...

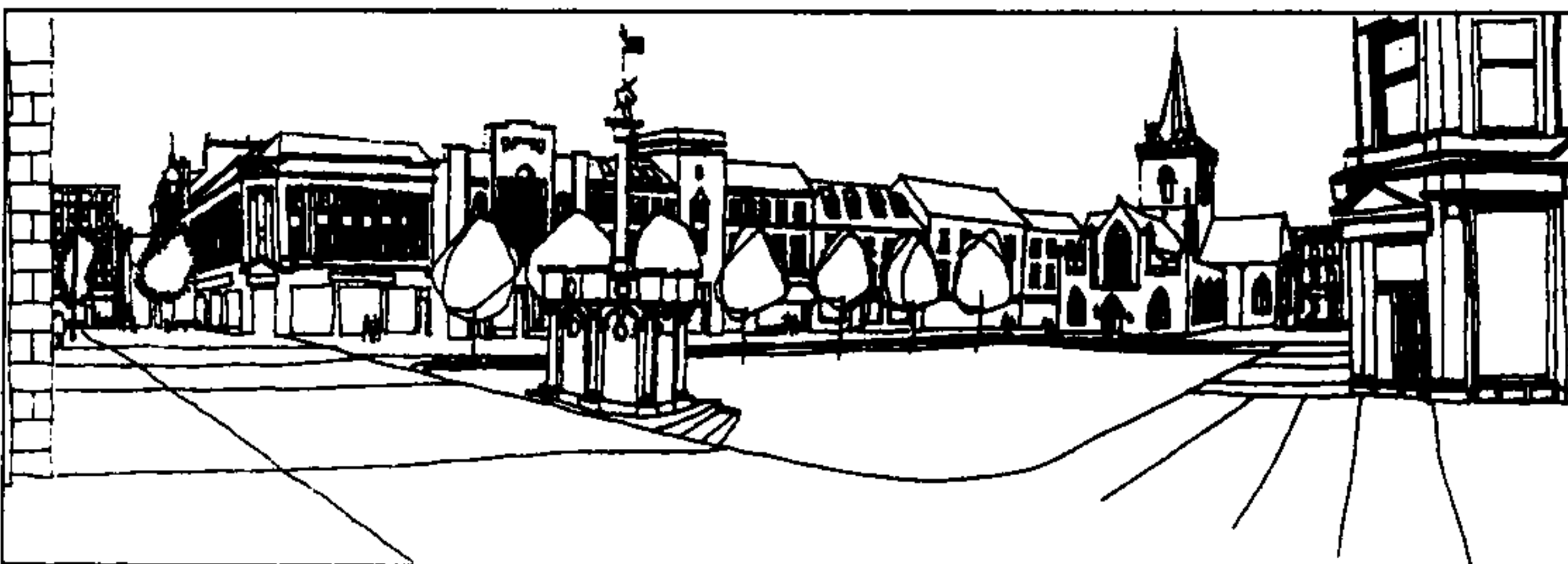
BUT it still does seem perverse to spend money on demolishing a civic building in Perth when, a little further south in North Berwick, other public buildings may well be replaced by an open space simply because of a lack of public money.

Down by the harbour in what was once the "Biarritz of the North" is one of the oldest open-air swimming pools in Britain, now celebrating its centenary. Next to it is the Pavilion, a theatre and dance hall dating from 1929 and designed by Henry & MacLennan.

Both are potentially useful assets in a town which has seen better days; but, after years of neglect, all East Lothian district council can think of doing with the Pavilion is to demolish it — even though there is no other public hall in the town of similar size. As for the pool, that is now to close and will probably be destroyed. This will leave two large empty spaces by the harbour, which the local authority has no plans to landscape, titivate, redevelop or provide with a golden tower.

It does occur to me that some of the money needed to take away the city hall in Perth might well be spent on repairing the Pavilion and pool in North Berwick. But no: that is much too dull and prosaic a way of celebrating the millennium. Wake me up in 2001...

'Piloti'



Now you see it... making plans for Perth City Hall

how Derby might be improved by demolishing the civic centre; how much better Pall Mall would look if New Zealand House were taken away; how Edinburgh might be redeemed by the destruction of the St James's Centre; how cheerful Manchester would look if the Arndale Centre were made into an open

Nijinsky Revealed As Priapic Poet

Vaslav Nijinsky, ballet's greatest performer and renowned until now for his sensational acrobatic displays and bizarre behaviour, has been revealed as a poet of equally sensational feats — if not artistic ability. Writing in the *London Review of Books*, Anne Hollander renders a poem which Nijinsky included in an unsent letter to his diabolical impresario Diaghilev:

I am a Prick, I am a Prick.

I am God in my prick.

I am God in my prick. Your prick is mine, not mine.

I am prick in His prick.

I prick, I prick, I prick.

You are prick, but not Prick.

Nijinsky's notebooks, just published in French as *Cahiers: Le Sentiment*, were begun after finishing his final stage appearance in January 1919 and ended in March, just before his incarceration in a mental institution which was to last for the next thirty years. He was 29 at the time.

Nijinsky added in his letter to Diaghilev, who had tyrannically ruled the dancer's life until he had married abruptly, "You want to hurt me. I do not want to hurt you. You are wicked, but I am a cradle-song." For 60 years permission to publish these writings was denied by Nijinsky's widow Romola, but a daughter has finally allowed them to be published in French translation by Actes Sud. The appearance of these notebooks can only deepen speculation about the relationship between the two men.

Press release

Woodrow embraces the unwieldy and the emblematic. He dares to be moralistic. He even succeeds in producing three-dimensional

Pseud's Corner

sarcasm. For example, the monument to the deep-level coal industry is a tumbrel laden with a slab of land-mass inset with glass pawnbroker's balls doubling as a diagrammatic cross-section of mine workings in which a canary has melted into a dribble.

WILLIAM FEAVER
Observer



The Marchioness of Worcester, Lady Barber and The Hon Mrs Henry Tennant are pleased to Invite Readers of the Daily Telegraph to WALK THE PROPOSED NEWBURY BYPASS on Sunday 11th February

Advertisement

Janine Antoni takes classicism to the cleaners, and the confectioners. Lick And Lather (1993) consists of two self-portrait busts, one made from chocolate, the other from soap. On completion, Antoni licked the former, and lathered the latter, eroding some of her features in the process. They are romantic ruins, pathetic monuments to self-consuming greed and vanity. Their sickly-sweet smell suffuses the gallery.

Two equally malodorous sculptures, both entitled *Gnaw* (1992), are displayed on marble plinths. One started out as a 600lb cube of chocolate, the other as a 600lb cube of lard. Antoni gnawed away at each block until she got lockjaw, then moulded the gobbled out gobbets into confectionery boxes and up-sticks. The half-chewed cubes are like incomplete carvings: a woman's work, it seems, is never done.

JAMES HALL
Guardian

Overall, the unpredictable nature of the combined images in the poster produce a sense of unease. For me, the poster (advertising the Montreux Jazz Festival) suggests both the festivity of the event itself but also resurrects the spectre of an unwilling alliance we have made with destructive forces. As in any social confrontation, it contains contradictory information. It is not presented as the pairing of dichotomies but, rather, as a full spectrum. It can be seen as a merging of cultural conditions rather than their polarization.

DAVID BOWIE
Crankin' Out: the David Bowie magazine

CONTRIBUTORS: A. Non, T. Adam, H. Summerson, P. O'Hanlon, P. Davies, B. Gibbons.

£10 paid for entries

TIME

TV

Top Gear
(BBC2)

THE production team of Top Gear, BBC2's big-rating motor show, neatly includes a bloke called Wheeler and another named Bentley—but it is the one called Adcock who best sums up the series. Top Gear is all about added cock. It is about what a smart set of wheels can add to the equipment that nature gave a guy.

Top Gear — and its various spin-offs, including the recent Jeremy Clarkson's *Motorworld* — are BBC2's bit of rough. While Delia Smith and Keith Floyd and Jeremy Paxman make the middle classes glad to have paid their licence fees, Jeremy Clarkson is the bait for the lads and the Essex Men. Big and loud — incapable of saying the word "throttle" without a big verbal wink — Jezza is the perfect torque-show host.

Verbally, it might be exciting if one of the team attempted Jilly Goolden-style free association while at the wheel of a test model: "I'm getting testosterone, locker-room sweat, real leather, real ale, aftershave..." In fact, the show is scripted in fluent Lad. The unit of currency is a "grand". Accessories are "toys". Of a car he likes, Jezza enthuses: "So many toys in this car!" Of one he doesn't like, he grumbles: "Not enough toys!"

Astride his bike, Steve Berry, one of Jezza's co-hosts, asks: "Is this a totally groovy motorcycle — or what?" The bike in question is "pumping out 85 of the finest horses in

captivity". In the back seat of the Merc he is reviewing, Jezza orgasms: "This is brilliant! Oh! Fantastic!" A Mercedes, according to Jezza, is a "staggeringly powerful two-ton monster".

Top Gear, though, is a show that can never quite say what it means. It has two structural problems, both of them caused by its presence on the BBC. The first concerns speed; the second concerns advertising.

Top Gear's attitude to velocity is complex. Everybody knows that the whole point of motor magazines, whether printed or visual, is speed. And so the information capsules on each car tested flash up "Top Speed — 150 mph" and "0-60 — 5.9 seconds" and so on. But it is one of the most severe of the BBC's producer guidelines that none of the corporation's

it is always uncritical — it's quite willing to call a boot "pokey" or an interior "dull" — but because there is an established television grammar of car advertising — slow motion, melodramatic music, picturesque backgrounds — which Top Gear slavishly copies.

The programme's close-ups of speeding wheels and blurry fields, while Portishead or Bjork wail in the background, are exactly what Wardour Street and Madison Avenue would choose to showcase the products under review. And food, drink or even holiday programmes are unlikely ever to have to deal with an individual product which is being as lavishly promoted on television as are almost all significant new car launches. The reason ITV has never produced a serious rival to the BBC's car shows is



"Well, we've either been burgled or Dad lost the remote control again..."

shows may openly encourage law-breaking. At least Jezza doesn't have to do one of those cissy presenter-disclaimers, along the lines of "please don't try this at home"; but you can feel a nervousness coming over the programme every time the question arises of exactly how long one of the featured models might take to move from A to B. In compensation, there is a fondness for rally driving sequences.

Advertising is a natural difficulty for all BBC lifestyle shows, whether they deal with food, holidays, wine or cars. Top Gear, though, has the biggest problem. This isn't because

that it would be foolish for the commercial channel to risk upsetting car manufacturers whose advertising is so vital. The BBC doesn't have that worry, but it's squandering the advantage if the programmes themselves look so much like ads.

No one at Television Centre, however, is going to worry much about this, for Jezza himself is such a useful advertisement for the channel; evidence that BBC2 isn't just for ponces, that it knows what it's like to be sitting on some serious throttle.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

THE official solicitor's desire to stifle public discussion of the plight of Sara Keays and her daughter is looking more forlorn than ever.

Despite the existence of a draconian injunction which is supposed to prevent any coverage of the case, Keays appeared on the Radio Scotland programme *Lawful Business* two weeks ago and gave her side of the story at great length.

How did this get past the BBC's usually nervous lawyers? Simple. Rather absent-mindedly, the official solicitor had forgotten to extend the injunction to Scotland by "lodging" it with the court of session in Edinburgh.

Older readers may recall a similar cock-up during the *Spycatcher* affair a few years ago when government lawyers had to drag a Scottish judge out of bed at three in the morning to get an "interdict" after belatedly realising that the injunction against Peter Wright did not apply north of the border.

HACKS at the BBC's miserable news and current affairs directorate were relieved to hear that their oafish boss Chris Cramer, "head of newsgathering", has been lured to Atlanta and CNN with a salary he claims resembles several telephone numbers.

CNN vice-president Eason Jordan thinks Cramer's inside info will be useful in screwing up the ambitious expansion plans of the Beeb's infant Television World Service. But gales of laughter enlivened the sombre newsroom at TV Centre when the BBC hacks heard Jordan describe his recruit as "a superb journalist and an exceptional leader".

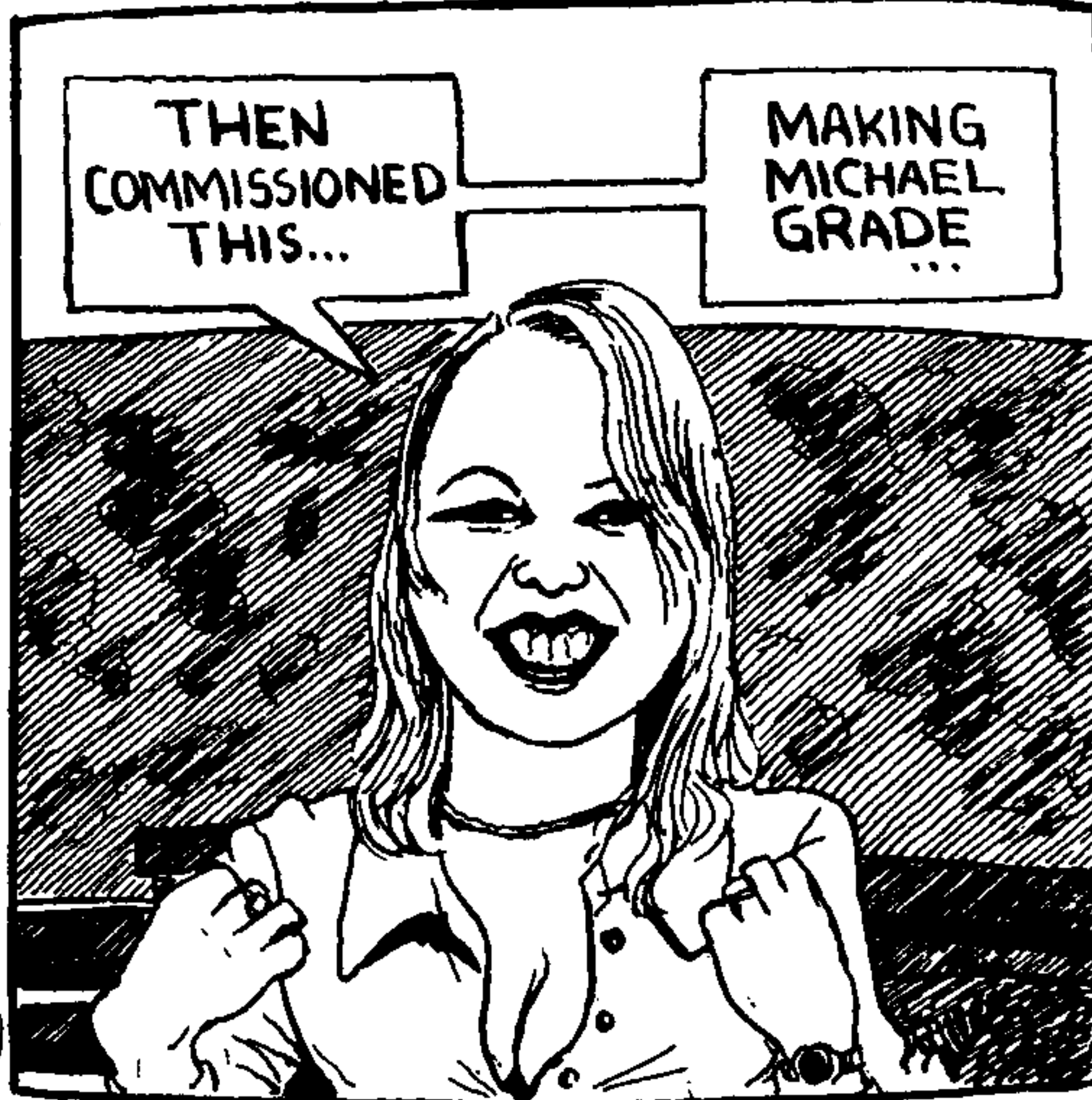
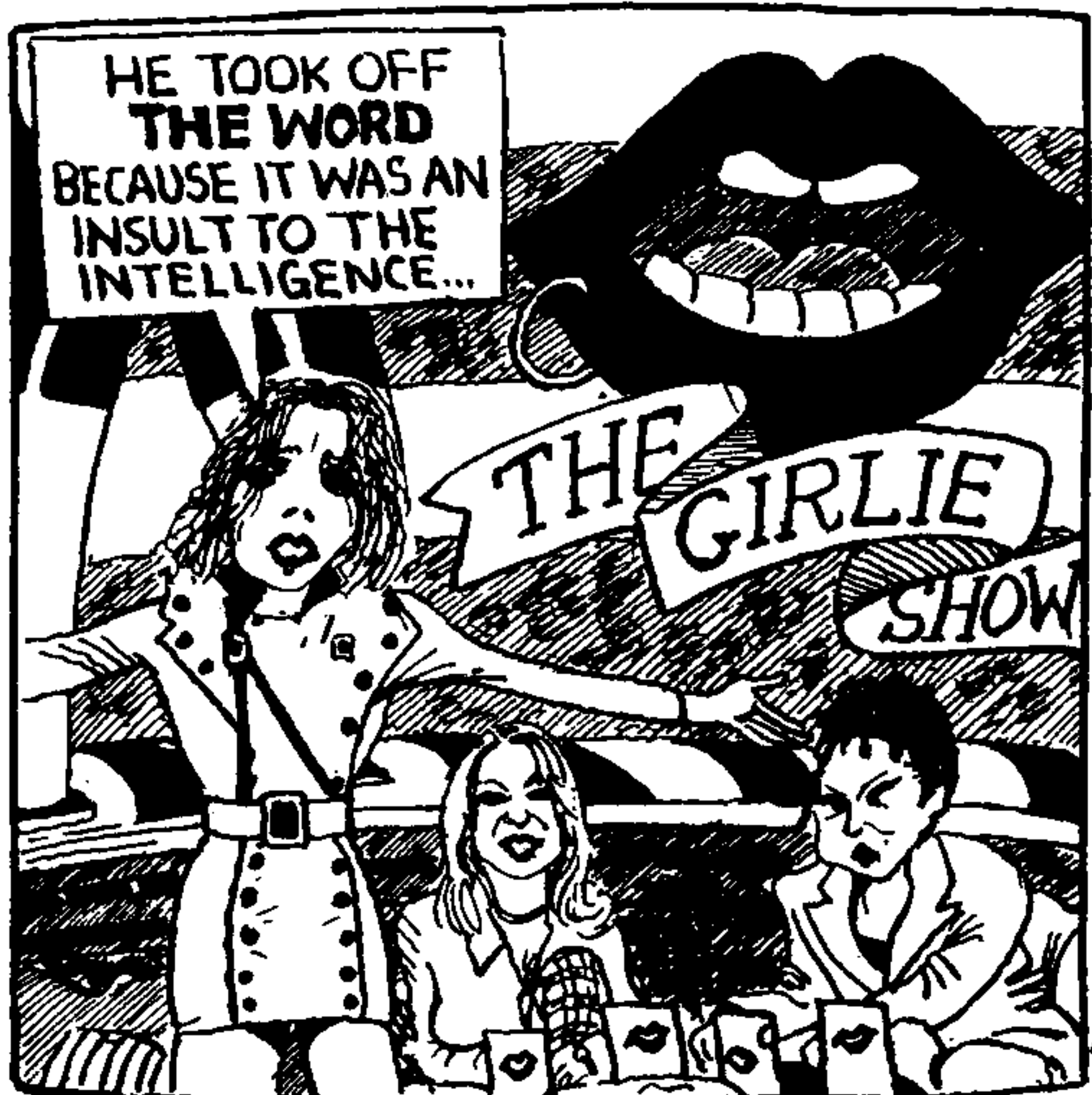
Everyone remembers his exceptional leadership techniques — especially BBC regional hacks who were summoned to a compulsory gathering at an expensive Midlands hotel one weekend to hear their exceptional leader tell them they could "fit in or fuck off".

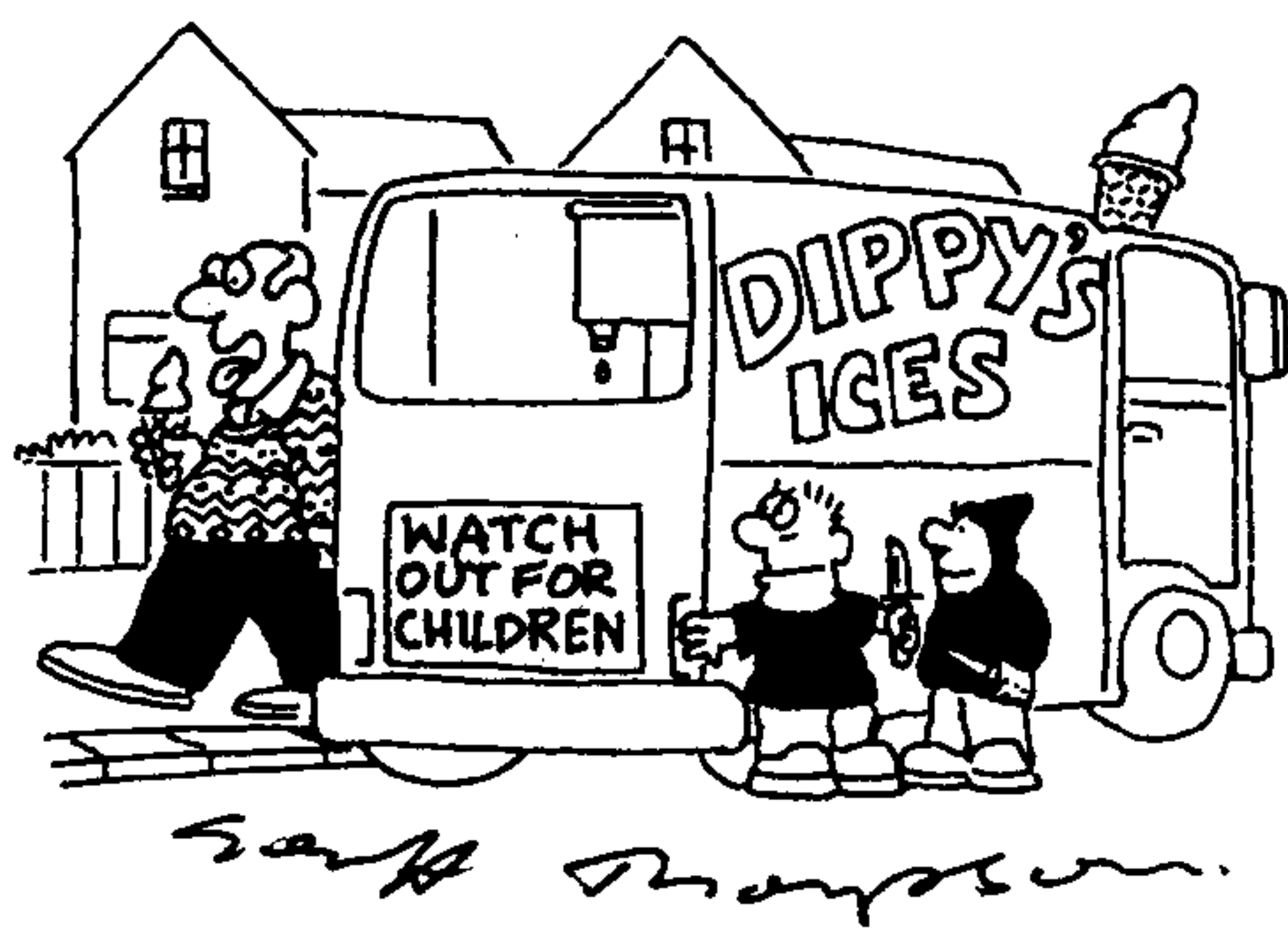
BBC set designers, the latest victims of sweeping redundancies, saw the reason for their dismissal couched in the normal Birtspoke gobbledegook as "key job requirements".

Eye 885 reported on a memo which advised them that those not volunteering for redundancy should fill in a "self-assessment form". Designers keeping their posts would be those who could demonstrate design skills such as, er, "selling", "financial management" and "loyalty to the department".

Of course the designers who were going to be made redundant were not those contracted to do future work for the Beeb? Actually, no. Four of the 11 who were given their marching orders had work lined up at the BBC this year. Under the brilliant Producer Choice policy, producers could insist on keeping them on their programmes — and the BBC could look forward to paying them freelance rates.

After careful consideration of this extra cost management agreed to keep the four set designers on the staff.





HACKS at the pisspoor cable channel L!veTV have noticed that there are a lot of blonde women presenters at the moment.

Nick Ferrari, joint editor of programming and an old pal of station boss Kelvin MacKenzie from the *Sun*, is responsible for recruitment; and the last six people employed for front of camera jobs have all been blonde women.

One of these, Nicola Browning, was soon taken off newsreading after the newsroom began sweepstakes on how many mistakes she would make in a two-minute bulletin. Emma Wilson, daughter of *Independent* editor Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson, also enjoyed a short spell reading daytime bulletins.

Another blonde is reporter Jane Dutton. She was told to grow her hair by L!ve bosses. In retaliation she cropped it even shorter and died it bright red.

GRAND PRIX NEWS

CAN any *Eye* reader help solve the mystery one correspondent pointed out recently concerning world motor racing champion Michael Schumacher's performance for Benetton?

Why, unlike the Williams and Ferrari teams, couldn't Benetton make two cars perform within a second a lap of each other? How did Michael Schumacher, who has now moved to Ferrari, manage to pull away in races when he clearly could not during practice? Any answers gratefully received.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

NOT even Lunchtime O'Boulez would wish to take credit away from Sir Simon Rattle when he bows out as the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra's music director at the end of 1997/8.

In his 16 years as CBSO maestro, Rattle has promoted a decent provincial band into the international division. Even ignoring the brown-nosed hyperbole from Fleet Street following news of his decision, the fact remains that the CBSO's period with Rattle has been the success story of recent British musical history.

For the CBSO the hardest aspect of Rattle's decision to quit is that he was prepared to put in all the effort for his orchestra for so little money. His fees in Birmingham, though generous compared to those of his players, represent around 20 percent of his true market value. Conductors in Rattle's league can if they want earn more from one performance than players in the orchestra receive in an entire season. And that is leaving aside record royalties, stretch limos, private jets and all the rest. Yet even with Rattle's relatively modest demands the CBSO has been unable to stay in the black.

Rattle is a rarity in British musical life: a chief conductor who has chosen to spend time with his orchestra — in his case around 50 percent of the season — in preference to jetting round the world in search of ever higher fees. His departure will leave an enormous gap in the CBSO's artistic portfolio; and there are few star names in the current season to step into the breach. Among them, perhaps only one — the young Estonian Paavo Jaarvi — has what is required: the ability and a low enough fee.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

HACKWATCH: JULIE MYERSON



THERE are journalists who write columns; and, increasingly these days, there are "celebrities" who write columns. And then there is Julie Myerson, who pens a weekly column in the *Independent*.

Who she? Well, she used to work in the publicity department at the National Theatre. She is married to the playwright Jonathan Myerson. They have three children — Jacob, Chloe and Raphael. In 1994 she published a novel. And, er, that's it.

Julie is a member of that shameless modern breed of columnists, the New Solipsists, who are convinced that every humdrum detail of their domestic life is of all-consuming interest. But is it? Judge for yourself:

4 September: The Myersons are at the seaside. Julie lies on the beach while her children play. Then she hires a deckchair. Then they go to a pub for lunch. Then they go to the lavatory.

11 September: "I arrive at a central London hair salon to get my hair cut." Later, she stops off at Peter Jones to buy some lightbulbs.

18 September: "We're staying with friends by the sea and the air's dark with rain and everyone else has gone out. Chloe (4) and I are left alone with our runny noses..." They watch a video of *The Sound of Music*. Later, on their return to London, they stop off at the corner-shop for some brown rolls.

25 September: Julie has spotted a former flatmate from university, Tim, walking his children in a road nearby. Mentioning it to Natalie, her best friend from university, she wonders if she shouldn't have said hello to him. Natalie thinks not. They agree that Tim was always rather dull.

2 October: Julie takes a shower and washes her hair. Jonathan is upstairs painting skirting boards and Jacob is due back from a friend's birthday visit to an archaeological dig. When Jacob returns, she tucks him up in bed. The next day, she visits her exercise class in Covent Garden. Afterwards, she pops into a secondhand bookshop.

9 October: "Thursday lunchtime: the Tube is full of sallow-skinned, dandruffy men in shiny suits who stare at me as I eat my sandwich." She gets off at Sloane Square and tries to buy a pair of shoes in a shop, but they don't have any in her size. She takes the bus home.

6 November: "It's a dark Friday and clouds zap like moving targets across the damp sky." One of the cats has brought in a dead thrush. Julie wraps it in newspaper and places it in the dustbin. The cleaning lady arrives. Julie takes a tube train from Clapham Common. Later, she comes home again.

13 November: " 'They're here,' says Jonathan, who's standing moodily at the window." "They" are a couple canoodling in a car outside. Julie thinks they are having an extra-marital affair. " 'And you should know,' says Jonathan — referring to the fact that, long ago, years before I met him, I fell seriously in love with a married man." Julie tells Jonathan to stop bringing up her past. They have a little tiff. Then they eat their lunch. It is pasta.

20 November: "The Aldwych, early evening. The rain's just stopped." Returning from her exercise class, Julie bumps into Adam, a former colleague. She is not pleased to see him: 10 years ago he tried to go to bed with her; she turned him down. After a brief chat on the pavement, they part. The rain starts again.

27 November: Julie goes to the Tate to look at the Turner Prize show. She takes her handbag: "My bag is new and I'm out with it for the first time and it feels nice." In the gallery, a young man asks if she's called Anya. "Er, no," she says. Then she goes home.

4 December: "It's Saturday afternoon and my friend Ella has toothache." Julie advises her to visit a dentist. At 4.30pm Ella leaves. Julie and Raphael go to the health food shop to buy some bread, but there's no bread left. Julie has a cup of coffee. Later, she bathes the children and reads them a chapter of *Clever Polly and the Stupid Wolf*.

11 December: Julie's mum rings up. She wonders what Chloe wants for Christmas. Chloe wants a doll of Ken, Barbie's boyfriend. Later, Julie takes the children to Peter Jones, where she buys yet more lightbulbs. Then they go home, in "desolate, wintry darkness". It's been raining.

18 December: Julie and Jonathan put up the Christmas tree. They decorate it with fairy lights. Then Julie gets out a Snow Scene, including a rosy-cheeked Father Christmas on a sledge.

8 January: At a party, Julie talks to a chap called Oliver. He tells her that he's highly sexed. She wanders off to find Jonathan. " 'You should have found me earlier,' says Jonathan. 'Awful people. Why did we come?' I tell him about Oliver; he laughs. Our feet pound the pavement. We don't look back."

15 January: "Thursday morning, early: the bedroom is freezing." Raphael comes into the room and climbs into bed with Julie and Jonathan. One of the cats catches a mouse. Raphael falls over and bangs his head. He cries.

22 January: " 'If you could eat only one food for the rest of your life,' says Jonathan, 'what would you choose?' " Julie chooses mashed potato. Later, she notices that the angel chimes from Christmas are still on the table. She puts them away in a cardboard box.

29 January: Julie and Raphael go to the patisserie shop to buy a cake for Jonathan's birthday. It is a chocolate cake. She puts it on the back seat of the car. "I'll drive really slowly," she assures Raphael. If she drives the way she writes, it will be a very slow journey indeed.

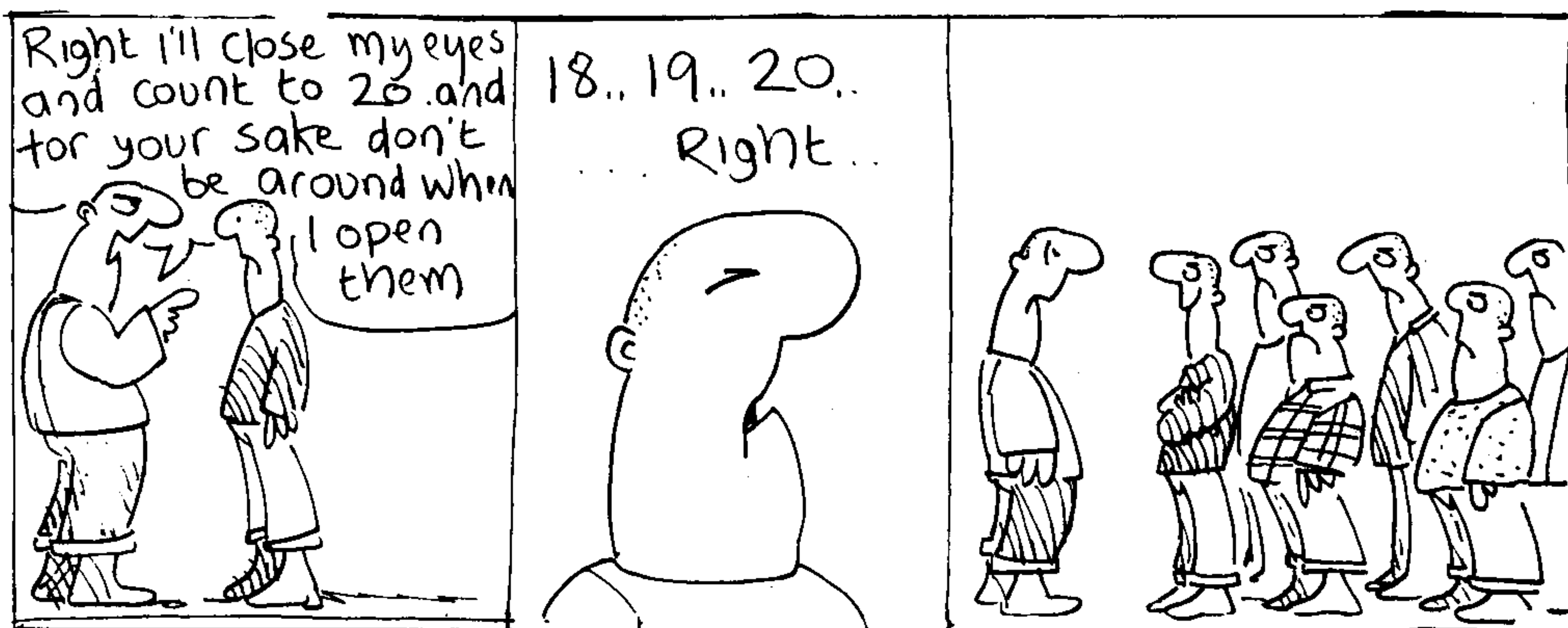
5 February: "Outside it's black, freezing, lifeless — a criss-cross of dark branches and dim lights shining from the flats at the back. I yawn, shiver." Tomorrow, we learn, is Jacob's birthday. And there is even more exciting news: "Upstairs, Jonathan's getting out of the bath."

12 February: "It's nearly four and the sky's molten, shot with liquid pink, air heavy with snow." Julie and her friend Karen are in Kensington Gardens. Karen wonders if she should leave her husband. Julie thinks she should. "It's snowing properly now, perfect, floaty, feathery flakes."

If the *Indie* ever scraps her column, perhaps Julie should try her luck as an upmarket weather-forecaster.



HUSBAND



DOING THE ROUNDS

A Patient Writes...

Dear Sir,

Being disabled in my late forties, I wear a calliper on my leg and cannot walk far because I suffer from angina and asthma.

Last Tuesday I was admitted to the East Surrey hospital at 9pm with an asthma attack. I was told that there were no beds available and that I would have to stay in the casualty department until one became free. After four hours on a hard trolley, I had an X-ray taken before being put to sleep in a very noisy plaster room. Next day I thought I would be transferred to a ward. Not so. In fact, I was kept in the casualty department for three days and three nights, after which I was completely exhausted.

There was nowhere to wash, except in a small hand bowl, and just one toilet nearby. There wasn't enough bed linen and twice I had my pillow taken away from me when I left it. The noise was unbearable and the food arrived at 6pm and 8am, with nothing in between. One night I was woken by a nurse trying to take my oxygen supply for another patient, and another nurse remonstrating with him saying that I needed it.

It's not the fault of the medical and nursing staff that these appalling conditions prevail. Indeed I feel sorry for them as all the time they were rushed off their feet. Their morale is at its absolute lowest. I was told that one ward has been shut and converted into offices for the so-called management. The nursing staff suggested that if I was not happy I should write and complain, as their grievances are constantly ignored and they can do little or nothing to get improvements. Who is to blame for all this? Is it just a lack of funds or what? It certainly needs sorting out.

Yours sincerely,
MRS GWEN B. ROSS.

● ON 14 December last year, the family of Malcolm Whitworth phoned for an emergency ambulance after he collapsed at their flat in Langley, Berkshire. None was available, and instead a police sergeant was sent to the flat to deliver mouth to mouth resuscitation. Mr Whitworth died.

An ambulance was however available to ferry staff from the Royal Berkshire ambulance trust to

last month's inquest. As Mr Whitworth's niece put it: "It's disgusting. Not only did they use an emergency ambulance as a taxi, but they even arrived 25 minutes late." Stuart Hookey, RBAT's quality assurance manager, was unrepentant; "There was nowhere to park in Windsor. I don't think it shows insensitivity towards Mr Whitworth's family and getting us back to work was quite important. It's a storm in a teacup."

● DORSET seems a desirable place to be a GP — at least it used to be. A survey has found that two out of three GPs there are considering quitting the newly-reformed NHS, while in the West Midlands 95 percent of GPs said their patients' health was at risk because of their workload. In Manchester and Hertfordshire, prospective quitters were 70 percent and 50 percent respectively.

In inner city areas the GP recruitment problem is so dire that national campaigns are being launched in the mistaken belief that they'll attract new blood. The campaign by City and East London FHSA and East London and the City health authority (ELATCHA) to fill 142 vacancies is the largest ever, with ads in national, medical and regional press across the country. A GP recruitment conference is planned for the Isle of Dogs on 1 March, with subsidised accommodation in a four star hotel. Will it sort out the problem? Watch this space.

● ELATCHA may hope to pay for this expensive advertising campaign by trying to claw back £1.5 million from Newham NHS trust for operations it claims have never been carried out. The trust is buckling under the stress of extra emergency admissions and, according to ELATCHA, has failed to fulfil its contracted amount of routine work.

Trusts in deprived areas do particularly badly in a market system as serious illness is concentrated in those areas and they have to subsidise the treatment of proportionately more emergencies. ELATCHA's chances of recovering the money are pretty slim, but the very public row and the disintegration of the purchaser-provider relationship is just the thing to tempt young GPs into the area.

If that doesn't put them off, the 1996 Kings Fund report, *London Monitor*, will. "Three years on from Tomlinson, there is little evidence that planned improvements in London's primary and community services have taken hold. Indeed, the under-provision of primary care in London compared to the rest of England is no better than it was in 1992."



● ANOTHER spat between purchasers and providers has erupted in Derbyshire where a group of Matlock GPs have accused Chesterfield and North Derbyshire NHS trust of dumping extra work on them by, among other things, discharging patients too early. Meanwhile the consultants claim that GPs are dumping on them by sending patients inappropriately to casualty. Both parties want extra resources and pay.

● TRUSTS can still, as always, find money to fund managerial pay rises. Top of the latest figures to March 1995 was Grampian Healthcare chief executive Jeremy Taylor, up just 29.3 percent to £101,000. Trelisk hospital, Cornwall, managed to give its boss 16.6 percent despite a string of recent fiascos (a nurse removing an appendix; the unfair dismissal of a haematologist; her replacement with a locum with a criminal record for stealing blood; the concealment of a needle in a baby's back; the ignition of a man's backside; the chaining to a fire-escape of a patient protesting about the lack of beds, etc, etc.)

Wakefield and Pontefract NHS trust, which has offered its nursing staff 1 percent for 95-96, paid its boss 7.6 percent, and Coventry's Walsgrave hospital, which is cancelling operations and employing overseas and video recruitment drives to find nurses, found 9.9 percent.

M.D.

CHEESE NEWS

MORE on cheese maker Humphrey Errington of Lanark Blue fame (see *Eyes passim*).

Already financially weakened thanks to Clydesdale district council — he ran up legal bills of more than £150,000 defending himself against the council's attempts to destroy his business — Mr Errington is now in more trouble.

Uniquely among Scottish small farmers he finds that he has not yet received his subsidy cheque, which should have been paid by the Scottish office last year. Attempting to uncover the cause of delay, Mr Errington has been given something of a runaround.

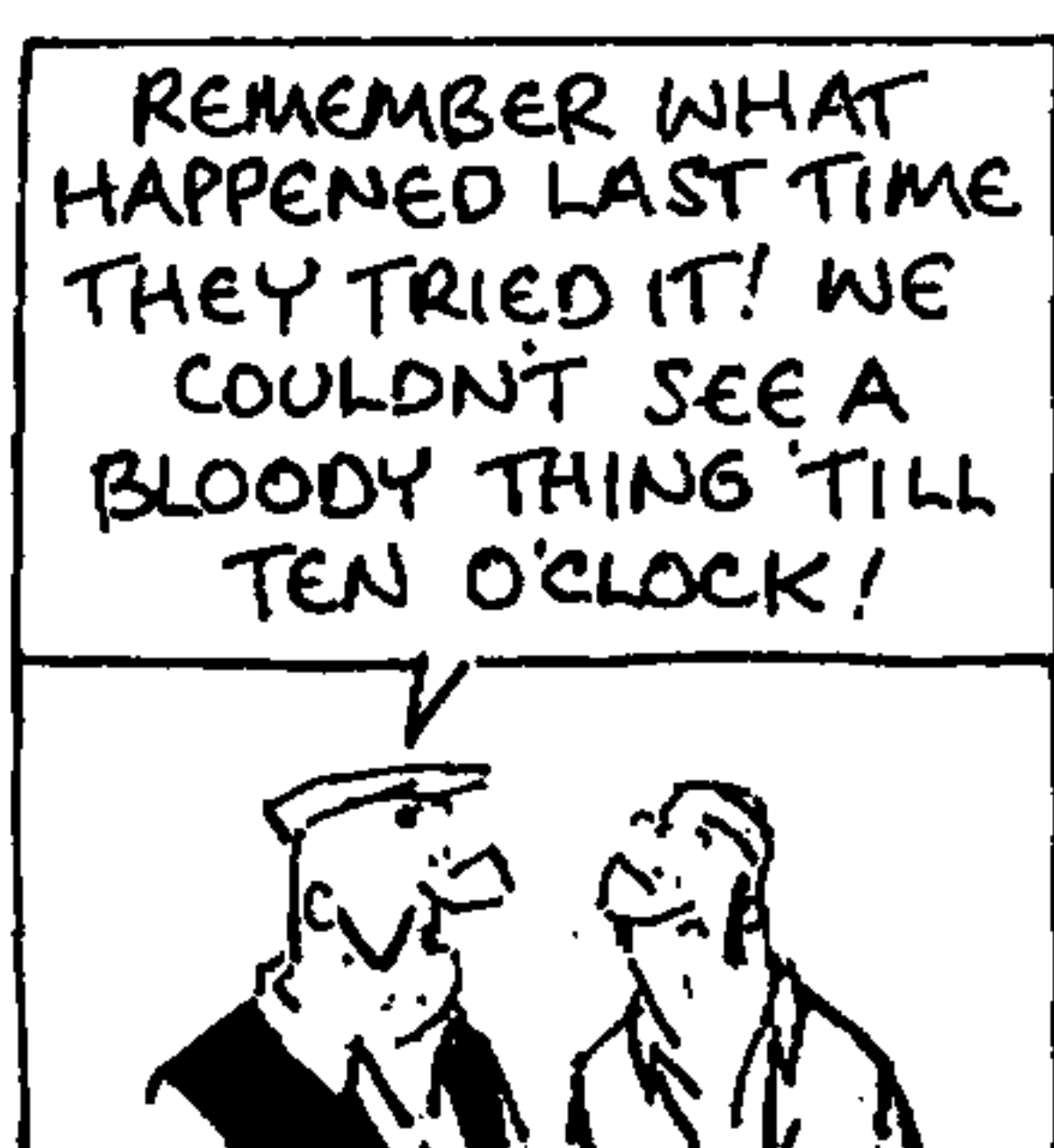
Communications with the office responsible have been blocked; and he has now been told he must not communicate with officers who know anything about the case. He can only speak to his local agriculture office, aptly managed by a Mr Service, where nothing is known about his problems.

Is it entirely a coincidence that, when Mr Errington was up against Clydesdale, its most ardent supporters were officials in the Scottish office agriculture department who — with Clydesdale having spectacularly lost its case — now have mountains of egg on their faces?

'Old Muck'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT



HERITAGE NEWS

THANKS to English Heritage chairperson Jocelyn Stevens, the responsibility for care and maintenance of England's historic castles, ancient monuments and stately homes will soon be in French hands.

Historic Properties Restoration (HPR), the direct labour workforce of English Heritage, has been sold by Stevens, with the blessing of heritage secretary Virginia Bottomley. The proud new proprietor will be the French-owned town hall rubbish collection expert SITA, part of the Lyonnaise des Eaux water giant.

SITA's British operation is based in Egham, Surrey, and 150 of the 400 HPR jobs have already been axed prior to the sell-off on April Fool's Day. The 400 historic buildings covered by HPR include Stonehenge, Hadrian's Wall, Dover Castle, Battle Abbey, Kenilworth Castle and Kenwood House in Hampstead, north London.

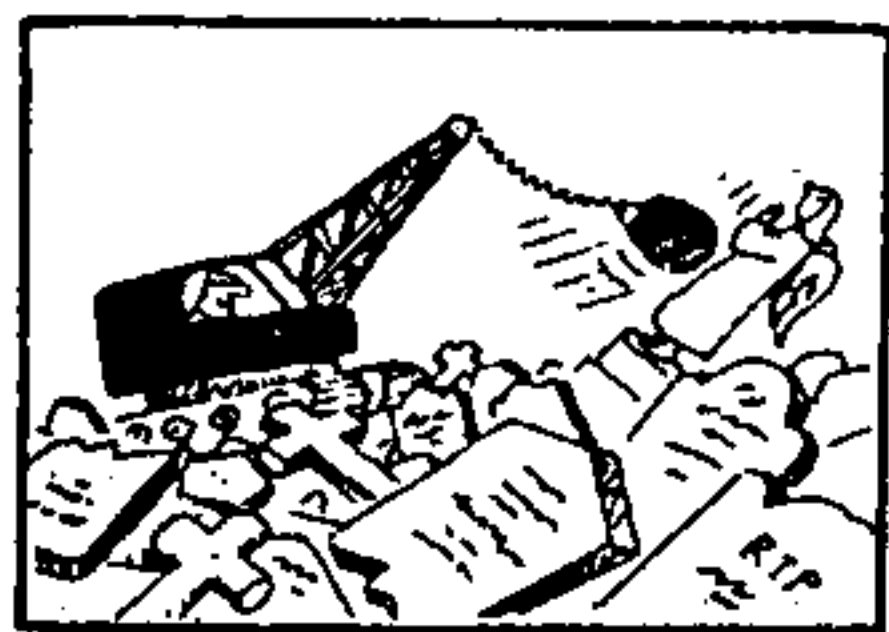
LUVVIES

"She opened the door and she said, 'Hi you must be Kate, I'm Emma. I've just gotta go for a wee, I'll see you in a minute,' and I thought, 'I love her.'"

KATE WINSLET
(on meeting Emma Thompson)
Sky Magazine

Submitted by Laura Djanogly.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.



Rotten Borough Advertiser



DRIVER DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION

MORE turmoil in Preston where council chief executive Geoff Driver, who recently returned to work after a four-month suspension, has been booted out again, this time for good.

Driver's "crime" was to take more than a passing interest in Operation Angel, Inspector Knacker's inquiry into property corruption in Preston, which has already implicated a number of Labour councillors.

Last summer former leader Val Wise suspended Driver for failing to consult with politicians over his determination

to clean up the glum northern town. After Wise was booted out by Labour colleagues, Driver returned. But the Wise faction fought back and imposed new regulations on the hapless chief executive, forcing him to report on his movements so often — about once an hour — he was unable to do any work.

Then, when Driver began stepping up his interest in Operation Angel again, passing to Inspector Knacker documents that could embarrass Labour politicians and their friends in the public sector-influenced Preston property market, town hall opponents concocted a new

scandal: claiming, not very convincingly, that Driver had "harassed" his deputy, assistant chief executive Shirley Harrison.

According to Harrison's Unison representative, "the allegations could be extended to include sexual harassment" — in other words, they're not really sure... yet. Driver has now had enough and has quit his post, the 14th senior officer to leave Preston in the last 18 months. Oh, and to complete the farce two of Shirley Harrison's assistants have made formal complaints of harassment against her.

or bad. Another Tory, Coun Nicholas McKay, has also caused ripples by jumping ship and joining "new" Labour.

PORK BARREL SCRATCHINGS

DESPITE fanciful reports in the *Sunset Times* there was no "left-wing plot" to get rid of Harry Rimmer as leader of Liverpool council.

The return of Militant on Murkeyside is about as likely as a comeback by Thatcher; and former Militants like St Derek of Hatton — recently canonised in a BBC2 "profile" — have recognised such and gone into business. Hatton's sidekick in the field of "local government consultancy" is none other than Tony Jennings, erstwhile leader of the breakaway Liverpool Labour councillors, who now works for Degsy's new PR company.

Rimmer is staying on "in the interests of unity" (of which there isn't any), but Liverpool Labour politics for the 90s are not about politics with a capital P. Instead we get the politics of the pork barrel, with councillors fighting each other to get "objective one" Euro-money for their own local wards, the better to shore up their political base.

The symbiotic relationship between the neighbourhood and community organisations these councillors run — often in a paid capacity — and the various consultants and PR companies floating about would make for an interesting study. No doubt they will get their chance in the spotlight when Rimmer is kicked up to the Lords with the arrival of a Blair Labour government.

IN BRIEF

KENSINGTON & CHELSEA: A council parking contractor was stopped by police with part of the borough's £8.3 million annual parking meter fund — £1,200 in 20p and £1 coins — in his car boot. The same person had recently nominated the council's assistant parking manager to join his local freemasons' lodge.

COPELAND: Labour council leader Ann Bennett has been castigated over her son's non-payment of community charge. She claimed that although he lived with her, his liability had nothing to do with her. This line rang a bell with Gordon Wilson, until last summer the council's assistant revenues manager. He was dismissed because a relative temporarily living at his house had not paid the charge. Wilson argued much the same as Mrs Bennett but was ignored. He has since begged for the right to appeal in a letter to her. She did not reply. She remains at the town hall; he is out of work.

SHEFFIELD: The Labour council's latest lame duck, Supertram, is now up and hobbling and losing £500,000-plus a month. Central government has refused further money because, according to the original submission, Supertram should be in profit and ready for privatisation. The growing losses are an ominous indication that it will have to be sold for much less than it cost. Supertram will be another burden for the people of Sheffield who recently suffered the closure of eight libraries and heard a proposal to cut the school day to save cash. Meanwhile councillors have found money to promote Sheffield as a 24-hour "disco city".

WESTMINSTER: The Tory borough has sacked youth worker Andrew Davis six months after he was named in a report on child sex abuse on Islington council. Westminster knew his background and claimed it carried out checks "which did not give cause for concern". But it then hired a private firm to vet him retrospectively. In a fresh interview Davis failed to condemn paedophiles to the satisfaction of council officers and was put on sick leave with an "acute stress reaction". This stops Westminster conducting a proper investigation and he has been pensioned off.

AS EASY AS A, B, ER, F?

TEMPORARY staff in Lambeth's housing benefit and council tax sections have been given embarrassingly simple work performance tests — and 15 workers still managed to fail them.

Staff were required to file a minimum of 17 files out of 20 in correct alphabetic order. With so many staff failing and having their contracts terminated at once, finance chiefs suddenly realised they faced an acute lack of staff.

At short notice they sought the help of the PSEC employment agency, and the agency duly provided staff — none other than the same workers Lambeth had just dumped.

The result is that the council is now paying for staff who failed a basic competency test — but being charged higher agency rates for the privilege of doing so!

While the staff, both temporary and

permanent, get dimmer, of course, the plight of housing benefit claimants becomes more desperate: 8,000 claims are awaiting processing, among them many claimants who are being taken to court by Lambeth for non-payment of rent — non-payment due to Lambeth not processing their claims.

PS: Chris Whatford, who had the task of turning the HB section around, has left the council with a £50,000 cheque and an annual £15,000 pension for his pathetic failure.

● **JAIL** looms for Lambeth's former deputy Tory leader Peter Evans, who has been convicted of falsely claiming housing benefit in Lambeth and Islington after years of seemingly tireless campaigning against Labour-instigated fraud and corruption.

Evans pleaded guilty at Snaresbrook crown court to five counts of dishonesty, including falsely obtaining £3,321 from Lambeth, just under £2,000 from Islington, and making false representations to obtain a £49,000 mortgage. Sentence has been adjourned for psychiatric reports — to find out if he is mad

SITS. VAC.

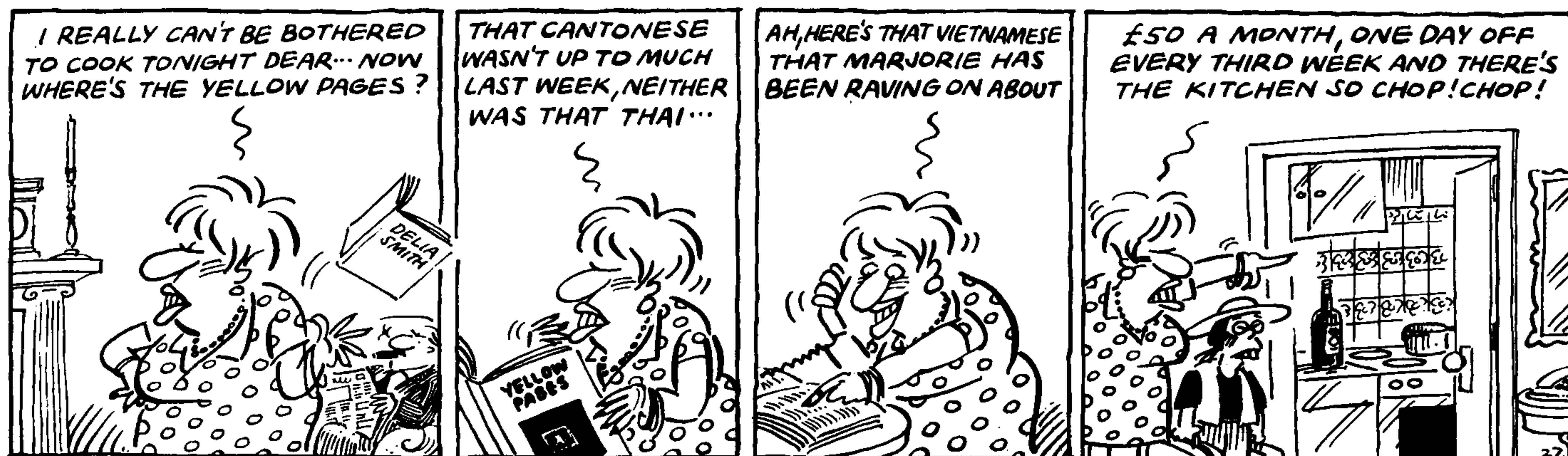
LABOUR-controlled Camden pays pots of money to headhunter Price Waterhouse to find staff for its key jobs — money that is carefully monitored by director of finance Steve Bundred. How amazing that when Camden engaged PW to find a new chief executive the successful candidate was... Steve Bundred!

In Islington meanwhile Price Waterhouse has been paid £30,000 to find a new £90,000-a-year chief executive for the authority. With the cost of full-page recruitment ads the exercise is thought to have cost the council £60,000. What a shame no candidate was thought suitable by councillors on the appointment panel and that the expensive process must be repeated.

PS: One of the first tasks of the new chief exec will be tackling the £800 million Islington owes and ensuring no more money is wasted on — well, futile recruitment exercises for a start.

DIRECTORS WIVES

DREDGE



CONFLICT OF INTEREST SPECIAL

THE news that a senior foreign office official has been sitting on the board of a big arms company came as a bit of a shock to the dwindling band of idealists who believe that civil servants should be neutral and in no way involved with commercial undertakings.

The former Liberal MP Lord Avebury was so surprised he wrote to the government asking if there were any other civil servants who have accepted directorships on private boards. The answer was a big yes: 57 top civil servants have taken posts on private boards since 1988, almost all of them in the last three years.

Departments are listed in order of the number of directorships their senior civil servants hold:

1) The DTI (13) B. Bender, BDR; P. Bunn, Glynwed Plastics; S. Charik, European Transonic Wind Tunnel; G.S. Dart, Laing Engineering; R.C. Dobbie, Vickers (again); A. Eggington, BOC UK Gases; I. Jones, Glynwed Consumer Products; M.K. O'Shea, Seven Seas; M. Mayer, British Approvals Board British Telecom; W. Paton, Optimat; J. Phillips, Forward Trust Group; M. Stanley, IBM; A.J. Wallard, Rank Cintel.

2) The Scottish office (9) A.W. Denham, the Wise Group; D. Hart, Westerhailes Partnership; I. McCall, Scottish Design; C.C. Macdonald, TSB Scotland; D.Y.A. McFaden, United Distillers; E. Mackay, Moray Firth Maltings; G. Rooney, Local Investing Networking; E. Weeple, Westerhailes Partnership (again).

3) The department of the environment (7) R.G. Courtney, Woods of Colchester (GEC); N. Glass, CV Apparel (Coats Viyella); J. Hobson, Tarmac; D.A. Nichols, Anglian Water; W.P.S. Rickett, Redland Roof Tiles; J.F. Stoker, Hanson PLC; A.G. Watson, AMEC.

4) The foreign office (6) A. Green, Vickers Defence Systems; C. Humfrey, J.C. Bamford; J. Ling, RTZ Borax; V. Sutherland, Save and Prosper;

K. Tebbitt, Mott Macdonald; D. Wright, AEA Technology.

5=) Ministry of defence (5) C.V. Balmer, Marks and Spencer; R.P. Crane, Thorn Security; A.C.H. Mace, Avery; D.R. Morris, Rank Organisation; B.A.E. Taylor, Stirling Fibre.

5=) Ministry of agriculture (5) A.P. Burne, Albert Fisher; R.W. Hathaway, RHM; G.A. Hollis, Dalgety; M.M. Parker, Cadbury; R.G. Purnell, HR Wallingford.

7) Department of transport (3) R. Balme and D McMillan, P&O European Transport Services; J. Denning, Lloyd's Register Quality Assurance.

8=) Lord chancellor's department (2) C. Everett, IBM; N Oppenheimer, Marks and Spencer.

8=) Employment service (2) G. Kennedy, Three Town Initiative Co Ltd; P. McCabe, Great Easterhouse Development Co Ltd.

10= (1) HM customs and excise: A. Sawyer, Royal Bank of Scotland; home office: J. Thompson, KPMG; department of social security: Richard Allen, Marks and Spencer (again); HM treasury: P. Gray, Laing Management; and the royal mint: David Snell, OGWR Partnership Trust Plc.

The minister, Earl Howe (no relation to Lord Howe of CARS, the Campaign to Rubbish Scott), told Lord Avebury that "greater interchange of staff with outside organisations" had been recommended by the Fulton report of 1968. But the Fulton report did not even contemplate directorships for civil servants, which only started in 1988 and only took off after a special cabinet office guidance note for civil service directors was published in January 1993.

Avebury wants to know how civil servants can be directors of companies and therefore entirely responsible, legally and morally, for the business of these companies. "Conflicts of interest must arise," he says. As *Eye* readers study the above list, they may recall cases where the ministries concerned have helped out the companies concerned. If they wanted to tell us about such matters, we would of course be shocked at the innuendo — but there is nothing we could do about it.

SIGNAL FAILURES

THE London to Southend franchise is not the only place the government is having to paper over cracks in its privatisation scheme. Railtrack's David Maidment did just that in the 1994-5 railway group safety plan and has received an OBE for his valiant efforts.

The document described rail safety as it would apply in a normal country — as opposed to one such as Britain which has divided liability and responsibility for safety between dozens of organisations.

One paragraph read: "Accident investigation on BR has relied on frank and open inquiries into incidents... and cooperation between departments to ensure that the causes of accidents were uncovered and addressed. Now railway legislation places a duty on operators to cooperate and Railtrack intends to have that duty enforced."

Previous *Eyes* have shown how Railtrack tried to stop log extracts being circulated freely in the interests of open discussion, and how a Clapham-style accident occurred shortly after Railtrack pooh-poohed an internal memo warning of a Clapham-style accident. On today's lawyer-ridden railway there is an incentive for employees not to say too much when an accident occurs lest they should drop their companies in it.

Railtrack is all too aware what liability means. New trains worth millions are kept in sidings awaiting Railtrack's practically unattainable safety certificates, which would pin the blame on someone else if the trains ever malfunctioned. In the meantime the services these trains should have been operating months ago are still handled by trains from the 1960s — which are less safe but do not impose safety liability on Railtrack.

TORY party chairman Brian Mawhinney is happy that Britain is selling the family silver for far less than its true value (Red Star: price £1), according to the golden boy of rail privatisation.

Ed Burkhardt's Wisconsin Central has already been sold more than 100 locos, 600 mail carriages and BR's contract with the post office, the biggest rail contract of its kind in the world, for £25.7

million. It is now in pole position to buy all three trainload freight companies as a job lot. This would mean an American company being the only one allowed to run freight trains anywhere in the UK.

Burkhardt (who has about 40 years' experience in railways) was astonished any government should take that attitude towards its assets, and said: "But if you're looking for a good price for selling these railways, you'll do it differently." To which Mawhinney (rail experience: 0 years) replied: "We've pretty much decided how we're going to do it and we'll probably have to suffer the consequences in the price, at least according to your view. But you should still jump into that water and be a bidder. Maybe you'll get what'll turn out to be a bargain."

IN January a £6 million piece of new railway was opened to allow trains from the south to call at Manchester airport.

But on the opening day a late-running train due to call there was sent direct to Manchester, bypassing the airport. This appears to have become commonplace for delayed trains: the time saved looks better on the passenger's charter statistics. Our correspondent suggests those trains are used mainly by people travelling to the airport, as people bound for Manchester Piccadilly can take alternative trains which are faster and more direct.

'Dr B. Ching'

TARANTEENBAND



Private Eye

Letters

Rude reminder

Sir,

I find your organ's regular abuse of Didcot Parkway Station (cover, EYE 891 etc.) sad and disturbing. For your information, since the franchise was let last week the change of attitude of the station staff has been remarkable — they are twice as surly and miserable as in the bad old days of British Rail.

*Yours fragmentedly,
MR C.O.M. MUTER,*

Didcot.

Left at the post

Sir,

Your current front cover reminded me of the visit I made recently to my local post office. I noticed the post box inside the post office was taped up and, having queued up for several minutes, asked the lady behind the counter why this was — was there a strike perhaps? She answered that she had no idea as "she was Post Office Counters and the post box was the GPO". Help!

*Yours faithfully,
JANE BRETTON,*

London SW19.



Sticky figures

Sir,

I am compiling a book entitled "Bizarre Superglue Accidents" and it has been brought to my attention that your organ at one time published a picture of relevance to my research. I understand that the photograph in question shows a confused old man and a Sheltered Housing Unit lady warden joined at the chest and upper limbs. An opportunity to examine the record of this case would be very useful in my project — can you help?

*Yours faithfully,
S. THOMAS,*

Aberystwyth.

Bomb surprise

Sir,

Funny, isn't it, that when LIVE TV's staff returned to their Canary Wharf studios for round the clock updates on the IRA bomb which had just destroyed the buildings around them — NEWS BUNNY (the man-size rabbit who reacts to news stories behind the presenter), strangely, was nowhere to be seen on screen.

I find it reassuring that Kelvin Mackenzie's station can glory in pissing all over the news until something happens which directly affects the people working there.

*Yours,
N. MOSSEY,*

London NW1.



"Father, I cannot tell a lie — I'm building a bypass through here..."

Language barrier

Sir,
HYDOR (EYE 891) is not Welsh for "confidence". It is Greek for "water". On the pediment of the Pump Room in Bath is the inscription ARISTON MEN HYDOR meaning (roughly) "Water is best" — a sentiment not shared by some water companies. The Welsh for "confidence" is HYDER, but a better word in the present context would be FFYDD, as in COLLI FFYDD Y CYHOEDD, "to lose the confidence of the public".

Yours faithfully,
ALAN HOWARD,

Shrewsbury.

Block busters

Sir,
Your article about Chantry Point (EYE 891) entirely misses the point. No one ever denied the presence of asbestos at Hermes and Chantry Points. The Labour-run GLC knew, when it handed over the buildings to Westminster in 1985. Then Labour councillor Neale Coleman knew of the problem when he petitioned the council in 1985, demanding that residents should stay put. Stan Bruno, chairman of the residents' action group, WECH, knew, because like all residents he had received regular newsletters from the council 1983-90, updating them on the situation. However, Mr Bruno, among others, consistently refused to move from his flat so that refurbishment (which included removal of all asbestos) could take place.

The real point is that environmental health officers, backed up by the government's own Health and Safety Executive, carried out regular checks to the blocks and always advised the council that there was no immediate danger to the inhabitants' health. Conservative councillors have commissioned the Barratt Report to make sure the advice Westminster council received over this matter was correct.

Yours sincerely,
Coun EDMUND LAZARUS,
Chairman of the Housing Committee.

Tear jerks

Sir,
Yesterday I saw a poster advertising BSKYB's coverage of the cricket world cup. It featured a mean-looking Australian in full make-up under the slogan "No Turning Back".

I wonder if this is supposed to bear any similarity to the anxious-looking members of the real Australian team who, with mascara running with their tears down their faces, are rapidly running out of venues safe enough to play at?

Yours faithfully,
PAUL McCUNN,

Baldock.

Lookalike



Jenkins



Ferengi

Sir,
Has anyone noticed the startling resemblance between the Ferengi, professional traders and deal-makers from a distant planet, far from civilisation, and Neil Jenkins, professional fly-half and play-maker who is from Wales?

Is Neil Jenkins, by any chance, a Ferengi? I think we should be told.

STEPHEN AXBEY,
Twickenham, Middlesex.

You Platt

Sir,
Brian Basham (LETTERS, 9 February) should stick to biting chunks out of wine glasses (his "favourite party trick" according to one recent book on his dirty tricks role in the Virgin/British Airways farrago).

At any rate, if I am a "bloody useless" editor, as he suggests, what does that make Basham? He was so bloody useful as a member of the NEW STATESMAN board that he was fired from it less than eight months after having first been appointed.

Yours faithfully,
STEVE PLATT,
Editor, New Statesman & Society.

Knight Bird

Sir,
May I point out to E.J. Thribb that Dickie Bird's first name is not Richard?

In the event of the overdue and well-deserved knighthood being conferred on him, I have no doubt that the tabloids will delight in referring to him as Sir Dickie (a title now vacant after Attenbore's elevation to the Labour-luvvie benches). However, Brenda will have actually commanded "Arise, Sir Harold".

Yours faithfully,
ALLAN LLOYD,
Colwall, Nr Malvern, Worcs.

Metal fatigue

Sir,
Re: "Uranium Tipped Shells" (EYE 889). What a lot of TV media crap. Peddled by a technically illiterate, Channel 4 pseud, attempting to generate frissons of horror over a possible radiological scandal. Facts:

1. Uranium is a very hard, and heavy metal — the heaviest — naturally occurring element. It is absolutely useless for anything except: it contains the isotope U234. The pure form of which, in sufficient mass, is the raw material for nuclear weapons and other allied products. After separating out the U234 isotope, what is left is a totally useless, metallic lump of hard and heavy junk.

2. Armour piercing artillery rounds are normally made from tungsten.

3. At the outbreak of the Second World War, Germany was denied access to all existing sources of wolfram. The ore of the metallic tungsten. They were stuck.

Unfortunately for the Allies the German armies overran Belgium so quickly, the stockpiles of uranium lying there, mined in the then Belgian Congo — 3,000 tonnes of it — fell into German hands before it could be moved to the UK. This was the sole source of the German Wehrmacht's armour piercing capability throughout the remainder of the war. And very effective use was made of it. The German reserves of tungsten were kept for their electrical and electronic industries.

So, from as early as the 1940s, un-depleted uranium artillery rounds were being used in warfare against our soldiers. Sadly with great effect. Though, from the records, none of our tank crews ever died from radiation poisoning generated by incoming artillery rounds made of uranium. So what exactly is Maggie O'Kane whingeing about?

Perhaps Ms O'Kane imagines that the scale of destruction inflicted on Saddam Hussein's armour owed more to the mythical presence of U234 than to superior armour, weapon control systems, tactics, training and morale.

4. Depleted uranium is exactly what it is. All radioactive isotopes removed. It is nothing more than a sterile lump of useless metal.

Very truly yours,
I.D. METCALFE BSc I.Eng MIEIE,
Control and Instrumentation Engineer, Bristol.

Restless natives

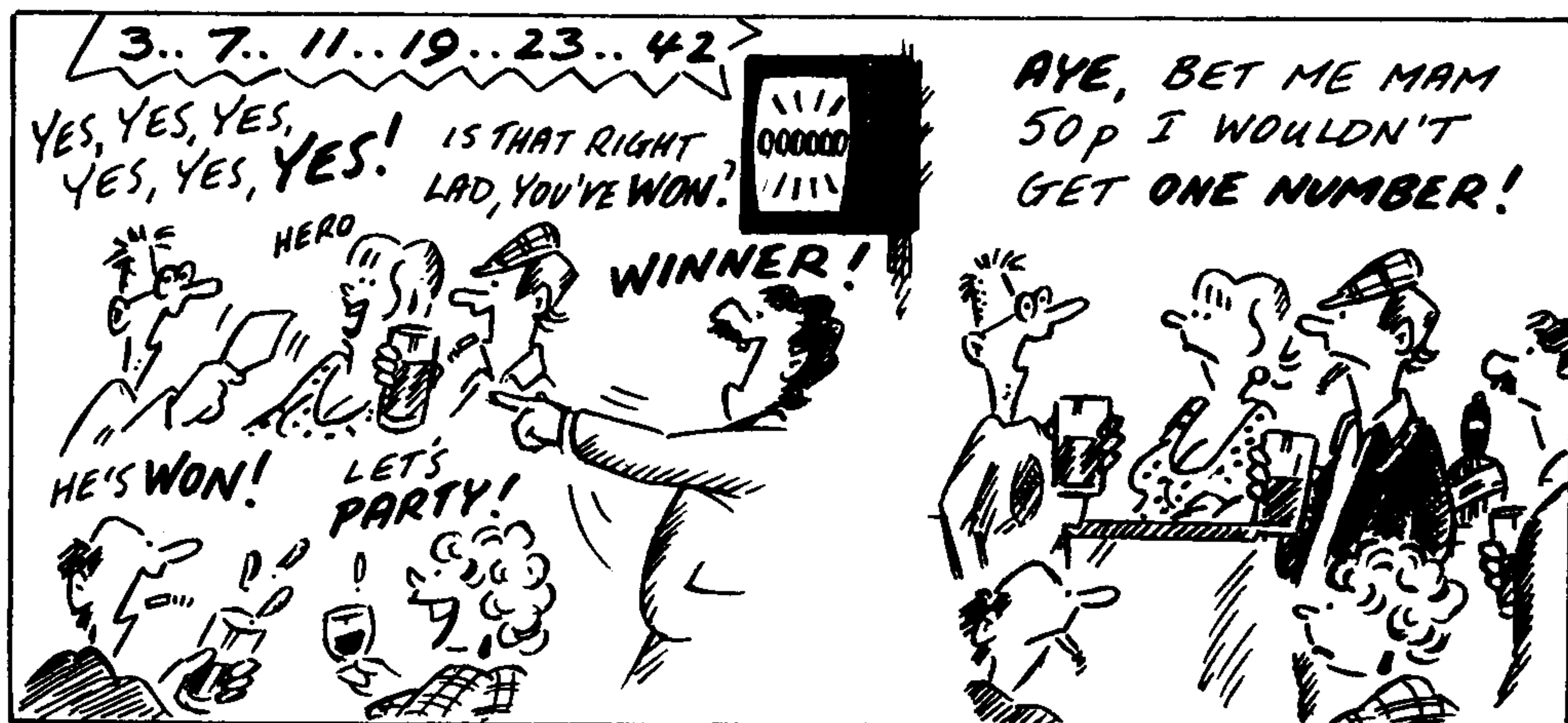
Sir,
Re: Focus on Lord Hanson (9 Feb). Peabody, our coal company that operates a number of its mines on Hopi and Navaho land, has expressed concern at the inaccurate statements in the second paragraph of this article namely: "...Oh for God's sake shut up" he yelled at Hopi and Navaho tribesmen complaining about Hanson's opencast mining poisoning their drinking water."

Although comments were made by Lord Hanson in response to heckling from various individuals in the auditorium, Lord Hanson at no time uttered any rude or offensive remarks to any official representatives of the Hopi and Navaho nations. Both Peabody and Hanson are concerned to ensure that good relations between the companies and the Indian nations are maintained, as evidenced by the film shown at the annual general meeting. You may care to note that there was indeed an apology made to Lord Hanson by the official representatives of the tribes at the disruption that was being caused by other "supporting" factions.

Yours faithfully,
GRAHAM DRANSFIELD,
Legal Director, Hanson PLC.

The Lottery Winners

TURNER



I-SPY Port Elizabeth, S. Africa

FIND OUT WHY BRAINY WOMEN ARE SO EVIL!



Submitted by Ella Karov. £10 paid for similar submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Limited addition

Sir,

The graph in your February issue "British Management Part 33" seeks visually to establish a connection between the loss reported by the Kleinwort Benson Group for calendar 1990 and my "resignation" that year. You would not wish to mislead your readers so you should share with them what you could have discovered for yourself.

I did not "resign". I retired from my non-executive directorship having reached the pre-determined retirement age of 60 in April 1990, early in the year in question.

I had no executive responsibilities after December 1987. During the four prior years when I was either executive vice-chairman or deputy chairman of Kleinwort Benson Limited the group reported pre-tax profits in the range between £45 million and £70 million. Incidentally, there has never been a company called "Kleinwort Benson plc".

LORD LIMERICK,

London W8.

Even better

Sir,

It was a surprise to read (EYE 891) that CHANNEL 4 NEWS is "little watched". I would have thought there were several million people like me who find the editorial selection of content as well as the consistently excellent presentation of Jon Snow and the gorgeous Zara [sic] Badawi combine to make the programme essential watching — the time of evensong here has been altered to accommodate it.

Yours etc,

REV. ROBIN DENNISTON,

Great Tew, Oxon.

Skye news

Sir,

As a loyal subscriber and occasional contributor to your organ, I was saddened recently to see the unfunny "cartoon" — "speed bonny car like a bird on the wing over the bridge to Skye". I am surprised that you poke fun at our situation without pointing out that the toll bridge imposed on us by the Scottish office (in an area with practically no Tory voters) charges as follows: car: £10.40 return; coach: £75.00 return; HGV: £50.80 return; minicoach: £43.00 return; local bus service: £29.80 return.

Remember, unlike any other toll bridge in the UK, we have NO ALTERNATIVE ROUTE; the bridge is our only access to the mainland. Every day, 24 hours a day, our already fragile economy (and that of the Western Isles) is being surcharged (for the profit of the Bank of America). At least when we were being overcharged by Calmac we knew the excess was subsidising other ferry routes to remote communities.

SKAT (Skye & Lochalsh Against the Tolls) is a legal pressure group running a campaign of non-payment to have this "Tartan toll tax" regime removed from our Skye bridge. The first 180-odd people are due in court this week charged with the criminal offence of not paying the toll. Support welcome: send donations to "SKAT", Dun Flodigarry, Staffin, Isle of Skye IV51 9HZ.

Yours sincerely,
CHRIS TYLER,

Kildonan, Skye.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Ogrizovic was in two minds as to whether to go or stay and in the end he did neither."

JEFF FOSTER, CWR Radio
(Tony Cooper)

"Ally McCoist will always get you a goal, whether he's playing or on the bench."

MARK HATELEY, Sky Sports
(Rupert Thomas)

"I think it was the clash of styles that made it a good fight; we both have similar styles."

LENNOX LEWIS, BBC1
(Akash R. Paun)

"She's letting her legs do the running..."

BRENDAN FOSTER, BBC1
(Richard Nuell)

Jonathan Dimbleby: Are you at secondary school?

Girl: Yes. I'm 14.

Dimbleby: How old are you?

Girl: I'm 14.

Radio 4
(Anthony De Gaus)

Letter from Dublin

from Our Own Correspondent



THE IRA's London bombs are having an explosive political effect here as the three coalition leaders — John "Unionist" Bruton, Dick "Tricky Dicky" Spring and Proinsias "Pernicious" De Rossa — wonder how to decommission blame for the end of the ceasefire.

Prime minister Bruton is perceived to be so pro-British he was recently asked by Ned O'Keefe, the opposition Fianna Fail party's answer to your Denis Skinner, if a certain Sergeant Bruton, who gave evidence against one of the 1916 martyrs, was a relation. Such jibes are not as damaging as the belief that Bruton gave everything to John Major and got nothing in return.

As leader of the conservative Fine Gael party, Bruton never cared about the north before accidentally coming to power after the Reynolds-Spring coalition imploded. He rarely went north, and in 27 years as a parliamentarian hardly ever made a speech about the place. In recent years he also declined the advice of St John of Hume, the Martin Luther King of Irish politics, that he try to understand the trials of the northern nationalists, whom Bruton regards with as much affection as Nero did the Roman mob.

On taking office just over a year ago he was briefed by Fianna Fail's northern adviser, Martin Mansergh, on where Belfast was, who called the shots in the IRA and who in the British government could deliver an agreement. He appeared to take the advice but soon reverted to form. He collapsed when Sir Patrick Mayhew demanded decommissioning of IRA arms before all party talks; he refused to meet Gerry Adams and Hume to cement the nationalist consensus lest it upset the Unionists; and he allowed himself to be double crossed by Major over the Mitchell report — in a way that made many in Dublin cringe at his servility.

"Responsible" commentators refused to point out these blunders, but when even Geraldine Kennedy, of the unswervingly pro-coalition *Irish Times*, slammed Bruton last week for his subservient attitude, the "Unionist" (© Albert Reynolds) must have realised he was in trouble. Kennedy even suggested Bruton was not perhaps the man to rebuild the peace process. Worst of all is his image as the leader who was handed the glittering prize of a peace process and allowed it to slip from his grasp.

Labour leader and foreign minister Dick Spring, despite belated efforts to cast himself as the northern nationalists' guardian angel, will not find it easy to absolve himself either. Plenty of politicians will remind the public that he simply did not want to know about the IRA or Sinn Fein when Reynolds told him three years ago a ceasefire and political settlement were on the cards.

In Dail Eireann Spring is loathed. He forced Reynolds to resign; before that he humiliated Bruton by refusing to take him seriously as a coalition partner and now sits uneasily alongside him in government. Even there he can hardly bring himself to talk to his other coalition partner, De Rossa, whose Democratic Left party is in mortal electoral combat with Spring's Labour.

Spring did get the IRA to stop beating up drug pushers in his own constituency of North Kerry, but he could not stop the ceasefire from unravelling and he must have felt uncomfortable reading intelligence reports that showed the Kerry IRA as among those primarily responsible for ending it. Tricky will not be allowed to escape the recrimination now gathering.

Most incongruous of all is the shuffling figure of De Rossa, whose DL party has the same roots as the Provos and which has, ever since, been keen to denounce republican violence. Gerry Adams has taken to referring to Pernicious as "my former colleague", a taunt that enrages De Rossa. Such is the political schizophrenia of the DL it has become the most ardent critic of Irish nationalism, be it of Hume's SDLP or Adams's Sinn Fein. Pernicious will also reap the whirlwind of discontent that may engulf the coalition if the IRA does not revert to a ceasefire.

HOM SAP

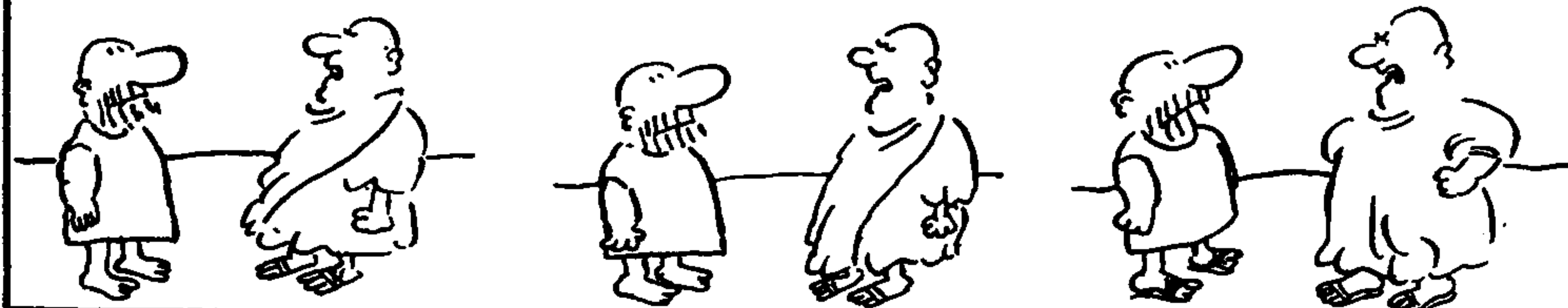


AUSTIN

I WAS AT SCHOOL WITH SOME VERY INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE.

THAT'S HOW I GOT WHERE I AM TODAY.

THEY HAD ME DEPORTED.



FUNNY OLD WORLD

● "In my thirty-four years in the police force, Stephen Fallon is easily the stupidest criminal I've ever encountered," Sergeant Tom Waters told the Dublin Circuit Criminal Court. "He has a long history of armed robbery, and of getting caught. But I mean, he's so lazy he can only be bothered to rob shops near his own house, which are owned by people who know who he is. So, when he decided to hold up his local post office, he wore a false beard, in the belief that no one would be able to identify him afterwards from the security camera video."

"Trouble is, he'd forgotten that, throughout the 1980s, he used to wear a beard. So, when he robbed the post office, he looked exactly like he used to look then, only slightly older. I recognised him the moment I began watching the security video, and we'd arrested him within thirty minutes of the robbery taking place. He really thought he'd committed the perfect crime, and still can't understand how we were able to identify him. When we asked for his name he said 'Steven Ballon'. It's pitiful really."

Fallon was jailed for seven years. (*The Irish Times*, 21/12/95. Spotter — Shane Barry)

— ● —

● "Shau Kei Wan is extremely guilty of something," Superintendent Ray Pierce of the Hong

Kong police force told reporters. "He must be. We're just not sure exactly what it is though, so we've released him on bail until we can decide what to charge him with."

Superintendent Pierce, the Mong Kok police assistant district commander for crime, was giving details about the arrest of Shau Kei Wan, 34, a factory worker who had earlier been detained in the Grand Tower shopping centre. "He's a peeping tom with some kind of underwear fetish, and he's admitted that his favourite pastime is to fol-



low women in mini skirts. He has a palmcorder hidden inside a black box, along with a torch and zoom lens, all on the end of a long control stick. He gets behind the women as they step onto the shopping mall escalators, positions his palmcorder between their legs pointing upwards, and then pushes the record button. Usually, the women have no idea that anything's going on, only on this occasion Wan pressed the playback button by mis-

take, and the victim got a blast of an old pop video up her skirt. She screamed, there was a struggle as he tried to get his equipment back, and the security guards arrested him. We found a dozen videotapes when we raided his house, with footage of over a hundred pairs of women's knickers on them. If that's not a crime, then I don't know what is. Only trouble is, he doesn't actually seem to have broken any law." (*Eastern Express*, 5/12/95. Spotter - A.W.C. Clark)

— ● —

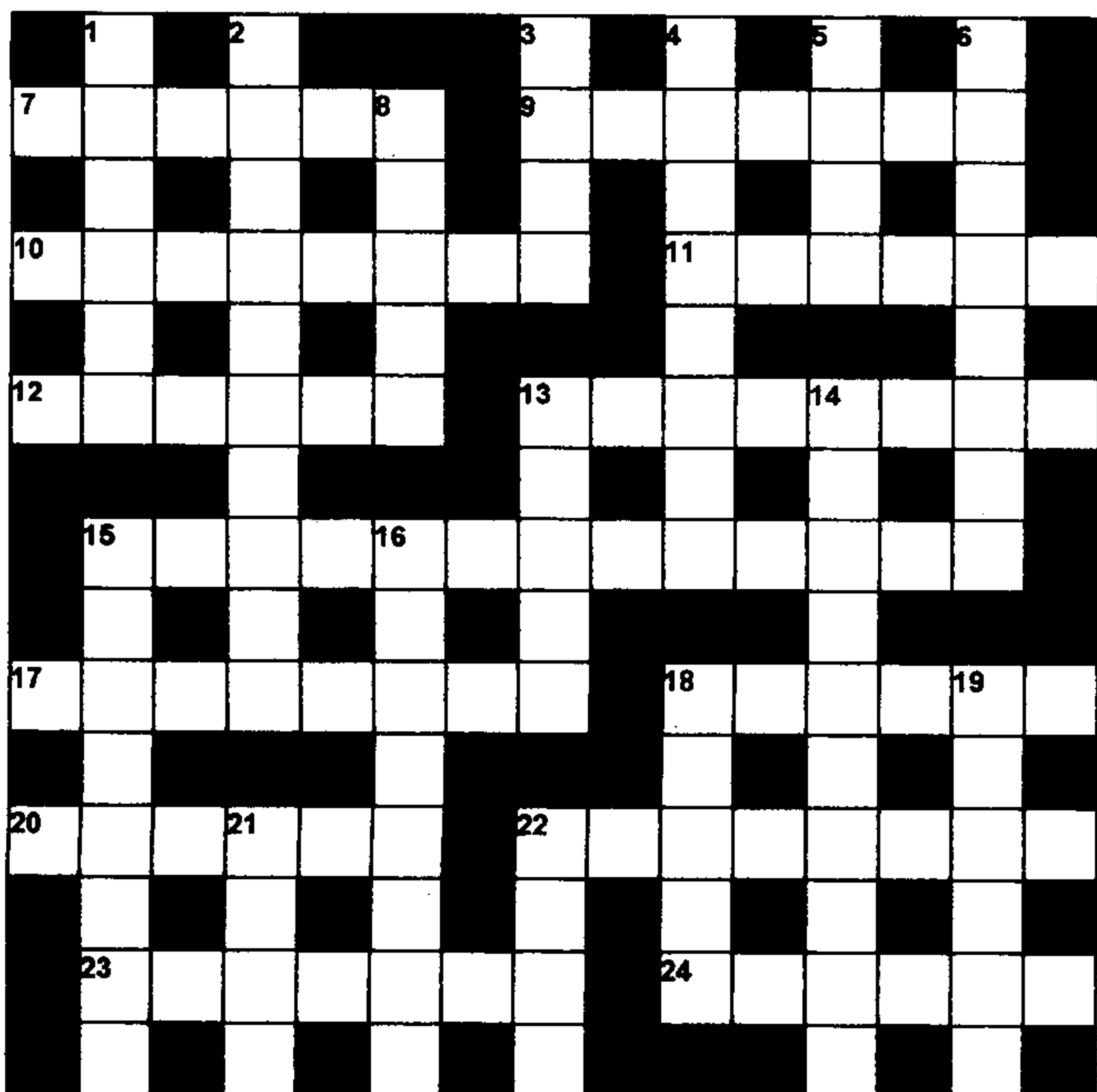
● "This bio-mass composter will revolutionise the way Berkeley County deals with its dead animals," Bob Amtower told reporters in Martinsburg, West Virginia. "From now on, roadkill isn't just for dinner anymore."

Amtower, an assistant district engineer with the Division of Highways, explained how the new scheme will operate. "About 10,000 deer and cattle get killed on our roads each year. Until now, when the game warden found them, he'd give them to orphanages, mental hospitals, or old folks homes. One deer can feed a dozen people for a week, but it's becoming a real liability risk because you never really know how long it's been dead. Might be hours, might be months. Back in the old days, people just accepted they'd get sick once in a while from eating roadkill, but now they've started hiring lawyers and demanding compensation from us, so we ain't gonna let them eat roadkill anymore. Instead, we'll put the carcasses into this giant composter, along with some wood chips and chicken shit, and 45 days later we get a nutrient-rich compost out the other end. The state won't need to buy commercial fertiliser anymore, so it saves the taxpayer money. Everyone's happy, except the mental people. They like eating roadkill." (*Newark [NJ] Star-Ledger*, 28/12/95. Spotter — Mrs Anita Daniel)

COMPILED BY

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 47 by Cyclops



ACROSS

- 7 Crown belittled as a result of Diana's first media outing? (6)
9 Ethnic habit assimilated by backward one-time royal partner (7)
10 It's pointless the House going to Brenda — not her type at all (8)
11 About blight — check genital area! (6)
12 Not what he seems, Portillo at first, dear (6)
13 A vintage upmarket ride, Di? (8)
15 Tartish character a mother of two would become (5,2,6)

- 17 Ability to read french article about sex — spicy! (8)
18 Come to a sticky end? (6)
20 Grass causes bloke to be beset by form of BSE (6)
22 Just a game, housing to Major (8)
23 Colourless Gingrich, it's said, right next in line to Clinton (7)
24 Defunct organ, one located inside beer belly (6)

DOWN

- 1 Bishop is OK about getting hard on, though it means utter ruin (6)
2 One mad frolic on one date with La Bollard's original pair, ... (4,3,3)
3 ... model held by Sir Nick! (4)
4 An unconventional atrocity? (3,5)
5 One way to get dole money is in pumping iron (4)
6 No oscar — is devastated, resulting in a stupor (8)
8 Not my version of the old soldier (5)
13 Tumescant in short pants (5)
14 Subjects nationally should have greater moral emphasis we're now told (10)
15 Who on the continent gets to toss the collaborator? (8)
16 One who squeals about love has kinky, crafty accommodation for couples (5,3)
18 Insinuate he's an OBN candidate (5)
19 Carling's first affair (female abandoned) rocked the land (6)
21 A big supporter of Bristol City? (1-3)
22 Labour's leader (prune) goes about with devoted following (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 01.03.95. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 46

ACROSS: 6 Cleo 7 Duo 8 (see 17) 10 Espana 11 Sweeties 12/26/23 St Valentine's Day Massacre 14 Knacker 16 Scorers 19 Sweet nothings 23 (see 12) 24 Oyster 25 Flirts 26 (see 12) 27 Ring.

DOWN: 1 (see 4) 2 Romantic 3 Tousled 4/1 Domestic bliss 5 Accessory 7 Diana 9 Futon 13 Snowballs 15 Eunuchs 17/8 Registry Office 18 Attends 20 Ensure 21 Irony 22 Veins.

£200 Winner
MRS COMLEY

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47 $\frac{3}{4}$

Friday

I am glad to say that my peace process continues on its twin tracks — ie, we will have elections and then we will have talks. Or the other way round. Let there be no doubt I am flexible on this one. Only this evening Mrs R, the secret head of MI5 (Mrs Rimington) came in personally to assure me that the IRA ceasefire is holding strongly. This is very encouraging. While she was explaining this there was a very loud bang. A few seconds later Mr Mawhinney rushed in, looking white-faced, and said: "Prime Minister, your peace process has just gone up in smoke — as has the Daily Telegraph." "That is appalling," I said. "Has it done a lot of damage?" "Yes," he said, "it could have destroyed the only thing you've achieved in five years."

Saturday

I was in no small measure surprised to hear Mr Gerry Adams telling Mr Humphrys on the BBC that the only person responsible for the bombing was me. I immediately rang up the police to give them my alibi — ie, that I was with a Mrs R at the time the bomb went off and she would support me, although she could not be identified for security reasons. The young constable who took my call said "That's very interesting, sir. Have you tried our counselling hotline for people whose wits have been deranged by the bomb?" It just goes to show how little Mr Adams knows about anything. Everyone says that it was the IRA who let off that bomb and not me at all. I am beginning to think that Mr Adams is someone who can't be trusted.

Sunday

All the Sunday papers are saying that my peace process is at an end. They are wrong, as usual. It is my peace process, and the only person who can decide that it is at an end is me, not the IRA, who cannot stop the peace process just by letting off a few bombs and killing people. One thing is certain. I will not be talking to Mr Adams again for a not inconsiderable period of time. I rang him up at once to tell him this.

But the person I have a real argument with is Mr Bruton who has accused me of throwing petrol on the flames. I had to ring the Irish police with my alibi. The young gardai who took my call said: "Yes, sor, that's very

interesting. Would you care to be connected with our counselling service, Father O'Semtex?" "No," I told him, "I have much more important matters to attend to, such as putting your prime minister in my new 'Peace Bastards Book'."

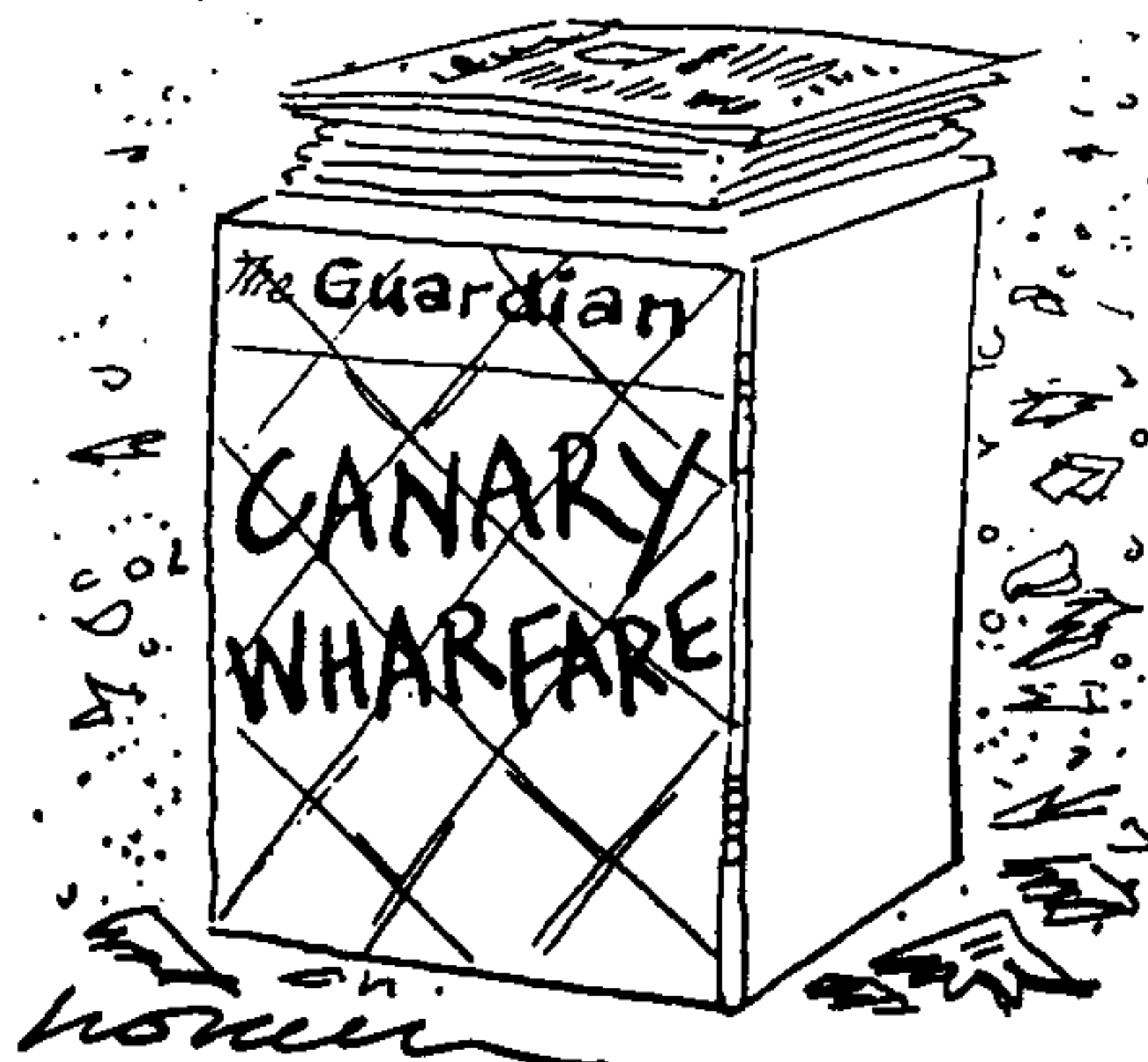
These are the names so far in my book:

1. Mr Adams, who says he has not even heard of the IRA.
2. Mrs Rimington, who does not know when the IRA are going to let off their bombs.
3. Mr Bruton, who does not like my elections plan.
4. Mr Spring, ditto.
5. Mr Clinton, who has refused to say he is sorry for talking to Mr Adams.

I am not going to talk to any of these people again.

Monday

When I showed Mr Sir Patrick Mayhew my list of people we cannot talk to any more he said: "Prime Minister, if you don't talk to any of these people then we don't have a peace process." He is not as stupid as he looks. "Well, I'm certainly not



talking to Mr Adams," I said. "The only reason I originally agreed to talk to him was that he represented the IRA. But now he says that they are nothing to do with him. So there is no point in talking to him." "But he's lying," said Sir Patrick, "so you should still talk to him." "No, I will not," I said, "and I shall ring him up again to tell him so." "But we've got to talk to someone," he repeated, "or there will be no peace process at all. Why don't you try to make peace with Mr Bruton?"

Tuesday

Yes, my peace process is firmly back on course again. Not that it has ever been off course, oh no. Mr Bruton and I have agreed to sign a full peace treaty covering all the main points, ie:

1. The peace process will continue.
2. Both governments are firmly committed to the peace process.
3. We shall have elections or talks or both or neither, according to whatever circumstances shall prevail at the time.

This agreement shall be known as the Proximate Declaration and will be signed by all the key parties, ie Mr Bruton and myself, but not Mr Adams, the IRA, the UVF, Mr Paisley, Mr Trimble or anyone in Northern Ireland.

Wednesday

Now that I have sorted out the Irish problem, there is only one more obstacle remaining before I win the next election. This is Mr Sir Lord Scott's Report on the arms to Iraq affair. I was in no small measure slightly concerned that Mr Lord Scott might come to the conclusion that the government had behaved badly and then lied about it. I was not worried so much for myself, since I had explained to Mr Scott that, whatever I might have been told at the time, I was too busy to remember it because I was the Foreign Secretary. But I was worried for my friend Mr Waldegrave, who had clearly lied and might have to resign. I was also worried about someone called Mr Lyell, who had apparently tried to put some men in prison although they had not done anything. Obviously the most important thing was to make sure that no one had a chance to read the report before we could tell everyone what was in it. The only person we allowed to see the report was Mr Cook, who we put in a darkened room under armed guard and took away his spectacles. We gave him five minutes to read the 10,000 pages and then my friend Mr Lang stood up in the House of Commons and said that Mr Cook was a disgrace and should resign for misleading the House.

"Wasn't that us?" I whispered to Mr Lang when he sat down. "Shut up and keep laughing," said Mr Heseltine. "Then people will think you know what's going on."

Luckily it didn't matter, as Mr Lord Justice Scott had done a brilliant job, concluding that, although we might have cheated and lied, we did not mean to.

This certainly put the Labour Party on the spot and all Mr Cook could do was go pathetically through the report reading out the bits where Mr Scott had said that we had sold guns to Iraq, misled the House about it, and then tried to cover it up by putting innocent men in gaol. It was a sad sight, and the Labour MPs were reduced to shouting "Resign! Resign!" But I am afraid it is going to take much more than this to get Mr Cook to do the decent thing.

Thursday

Mr Mawhinney came in with some terrible news. "One of our men has resigned!" "But Mr Scott let them off," I told him. "That was the whole point."

Mr Mawhinney then explained that it was not Mr Waldegrave or Mr Lyell but someone called Mr Thurnham.

He is apparently unhappy that his government has been caught lying and refusing to admit it.

"Then he has no future as a Conservative," I replied, drawing a line under the problem.

Monday

Another bomb has gone off in London. But let one thing be clear. The Peace Process is continuing.

WORLD OF PUBLISHING

SCOTT ORDERED TO HAND BACK ADVANCE

by Our Books Staff Joan Walsh

A HIGH COURT celebrity who was paid a six-figure sum for writing a supposedly sensational blockbuster has been asked to repay his advance after the initial draft was found to be "incredibly boring and badly written".

The Judge took over three years to complete his preliminary version, which was over 300 million words long.

HarpieCollins

Said one reader: "It was unreadable. The plot was

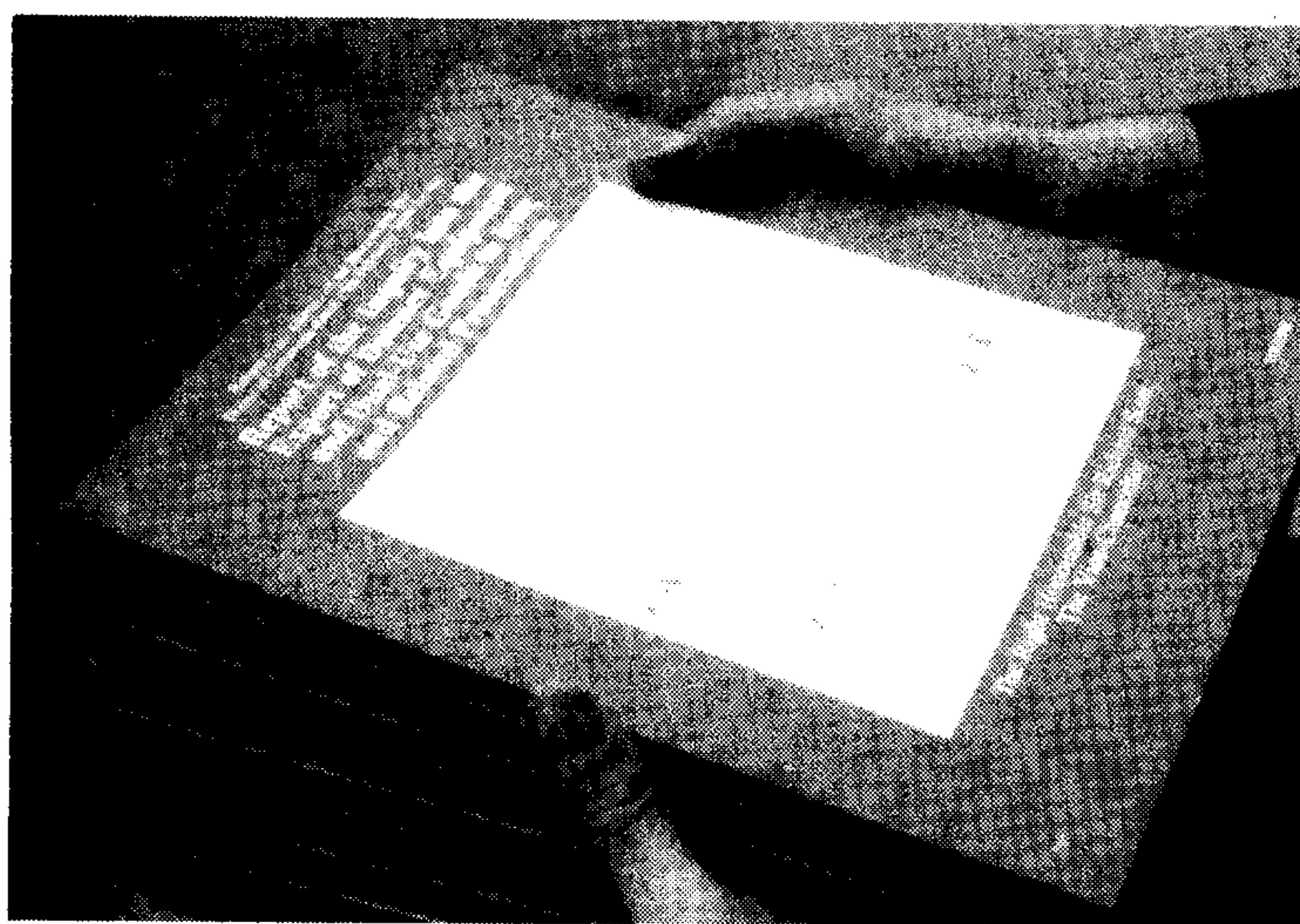
incomprehensible and it was not clear who did it. It was quite apparent all along who the villains were but then it turned out not to be them in the end."

Soft-Soap Star

Said Sir Richard Scott: "I have written what, in my view, I was commissioned to do. I am not a professional writer, but I included lots of racy bits about Superguns and stuff."

He wept: "I do not know why people are not happy with my book. I am going on holiday now and I may be some time".

Non-lethal material of which the Government approves



NEW WORDS

SOPHISTRY (n.)

1. Cunning devious form of words to disguise lie.
2. Honourable statement by Minister acting in good faith.

DUPLICITOUS (adj.)

1. Deceitful, dishonest, lying, cheating, two-faced.
2. Acting in good faith, used of Minister delivering statement.

WALDEGRAVE (n.)

1. Person guilty of duplicitous sophistry.
2. Minister acting in good faith.

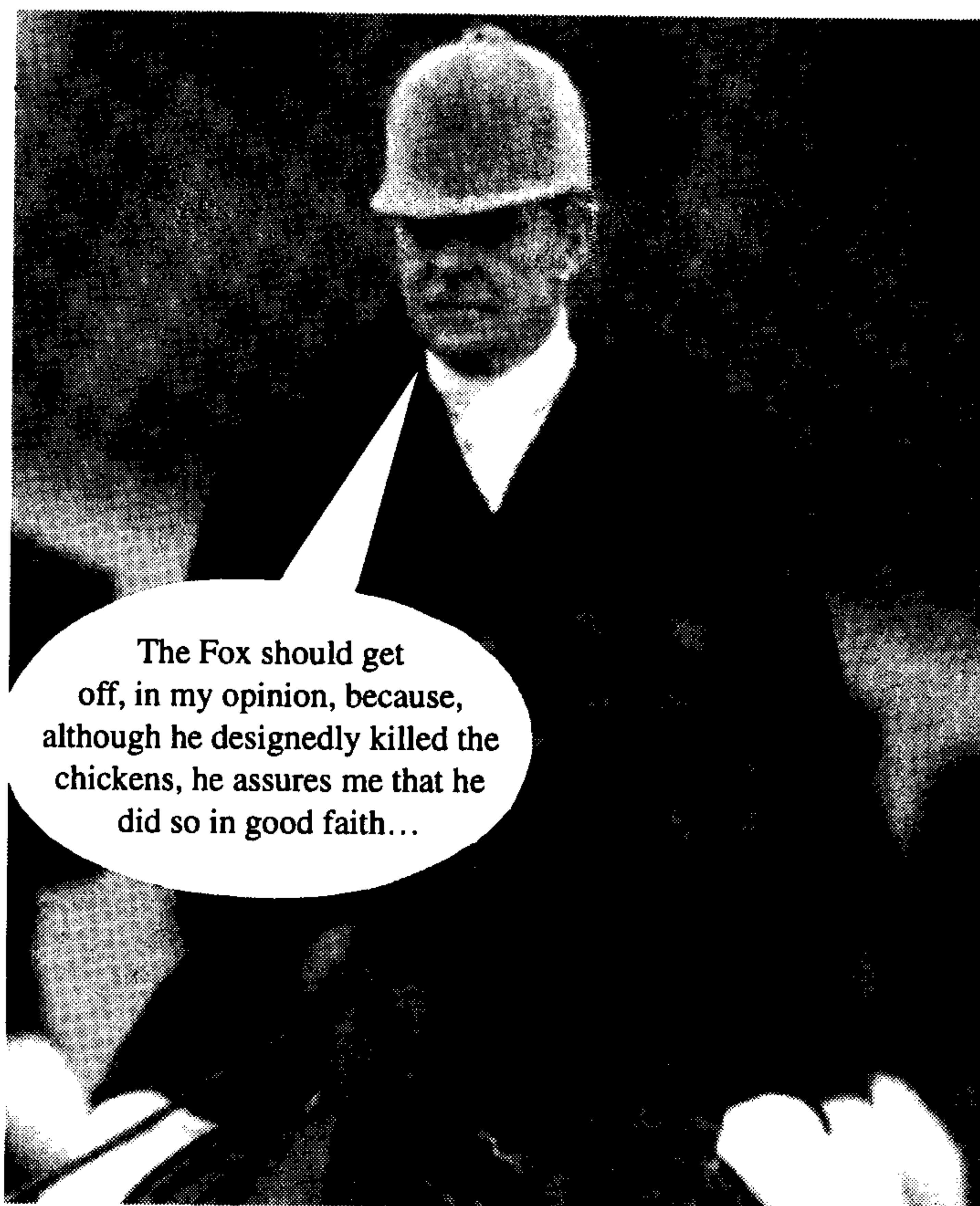
LYELL (n.)

1. See above.
2. See above.

Examples:

- a) "Truth is the first casualty of Waldegrave." (Oscar Wilde, 1995)
- b) "Lyell! Lyell! Your pants are on file!" (Children's rhyme, circa 1996)

SCOTT GOES HUNTING



MASSIVE ARS SLICK SIGHTED OFF WALES

by Our Mail Staff
Richard O. Kay

A HUGE oily mass of words was yesterday sighted near the Princess of Wales, described as "an outstanding area of natural beauty".

The spillage began on the front page and seeped into the rest of the newspaper with incredible speed, threatening to engulf everyone in its

disgusting, polluted ooze.

Hacks were working round the clock to try and ensure that the slime continued to flow unabated.

The Sea Empress is 34.

LATE NEWS

Mass Waldegrave found

Hundreds of lies have been buried deep in the Scott Report, it was revealed today, as teams of journalists searched through its pages. Said one shocked observer: "It's appalling. Everyone has survived."



GUIDELINES MYSTERY BAFFLES BOFFINS

by Our Paranormal Staff **Adrian Berry-Unlikely**

SCIENTISTS all over the world have been astonished by a miracle which took place in Britain in 1988.

According to a recently published report, a set of guidelines was found to have completely changed without any human intervention.

When the guidelines first appeared, they looked like this:

Guidelines 1985

We will not allow any sale of any arms to Iraq in any circumstances whatsoever.

G. Howe.

Fig 1.

But, astonishingly, in 1988 the guidelines underwent an extraordinary transformation.

Guidelines 1988

We will allow any sales of any arms to Iraq so long as no one finds out.

W. Waldegrave pp J. Major

Fig 2.

Even more astonishingly, however, it now turns out that this complete change had taken place without any human being having any idea that the change had taken place.

Even though a number of government ministers were in the room while they were changing, the original words had subtly "transmuted" into a quite different set of words without anyone present noticing what had happened.

Mr Waldegrave, Mr Clark and Lord Trefgarne all now confess themselves completely baffled as to what might have taken place.

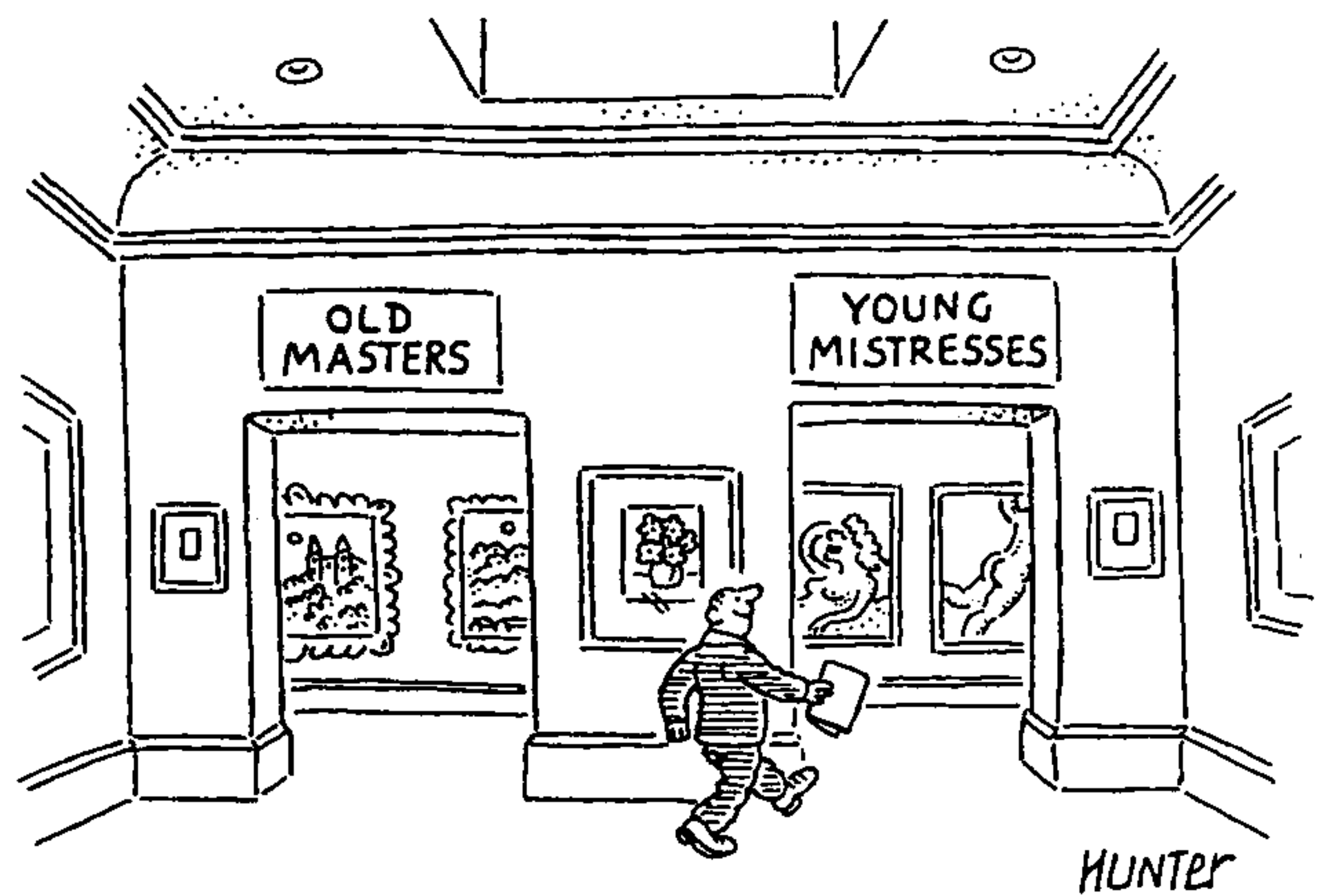
"It is one of the greatest miracles of modern science," said Mr Clark, laughing. "They're like that, guidelines — now you see 'em, now you don't."

Professor Richard Dworkin, author of the best-selling *The Selfish Loony*, said: "We scientists still know very little about the process of how guidelines change."

"Suffice it to say that this has nothing to do with the paranormal, i.e. God, who does not exist. There is a perfectly rational explanation to this supposedly miraculous phenomenon. My own suspicion is that Mr Waldegrave crept into the room when no one was looking, changed the guidelines, and then lied about doing so."

MR WALDEGRAVE An Apology

We would like to make it clear that we wholeheartedly accept Mr Waldegrave's explanation that, although he may have lied, he did so in good faith.



A Brief Guide To World History

by Sir Richard Scott

WHILST it is true that Mr Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait in August 1990, I accept that he did not do so intentionally, but acted in good faith at all times.

Whilst it is further true that in March 1988 he gassed a large number of Kurds, I accept his assurances that he believed he was acting in accordance with legal precedent, as advised by a number of eminent and distinguished Iraqi judges, including His Honour Lord Saddam of Hussein, Lord Chief Justice S. Hussein of Baghdad and the then-Master of the Dead Sea Rolls Lord Donaldson (*shurely Shadam Hushein?*).

Finally, whilst it is true that Mr Hussein has conducted a campaign of vilification, torture and mass-murder unparalleled in

modern times, I accept that he has done so throughout with no intention to deceive the Iraqi Parliament (S. Hussein) and in the belief that he was acting in accordance with his government's entirely legitimate policy of killing anyone he felt like.

I also accept that this is not a matter for his resignation.

On Other Pages of the Scott Report

Hitler: invaded Poland "in good faith"	2041
Idi Amin: ate opponents "in good faith"	2064
Genghis Khan: invaded world "without intention to deceive" ..	4812
Herod: slew innocents "in accordance with constitutional guidelines as Tetrarch of Judea"	5612
Satan: innocent	6666

Culture Highlights

Suzanne Exhibition

The Guardian Museum
(Wednesdays only)

A UNIQUE chance to see a collection of large impressionistic pieces by one of the greatest exponents of modern art. Says our critic, Germaine Drear: "These Suzannes are all depicted from the same viewpoint with minor variations on the theme of 'Aren't Men Awful'."

"It is easy to get lost in these huge colour pieces with their large canvas and intoxicating lack of focus."

"Viewed from afar they seem to have some sort of coherence,



Self-Portrait with Bird's Nest
Hair and Fuck-Me Shoes
(1995)

but when seen close up they look a bit of a mess, frankly."



British Terrorcon



(We see middle-aged Cockney person leaning in irritating fashion over shoulder of bearded statesman and terrorist)

Hoskins (to camera): It's not right, is it? Here 'e is, poor old Gerry, sittin' all alone, wiv no one ringin' 'im. Not so long ago they were all clamourin' to get on the dog and bone to have a chinwag with our Gel! President Clintstone, Mr Bruton, the PM of auld Oireland no less, little Johnnie Major. But now even 'is old muckers in the South Armagh Brigade don't want to know him. Shame, innit?

(We cut to Hoskins over shoulder of John Major in 10, Downing St)

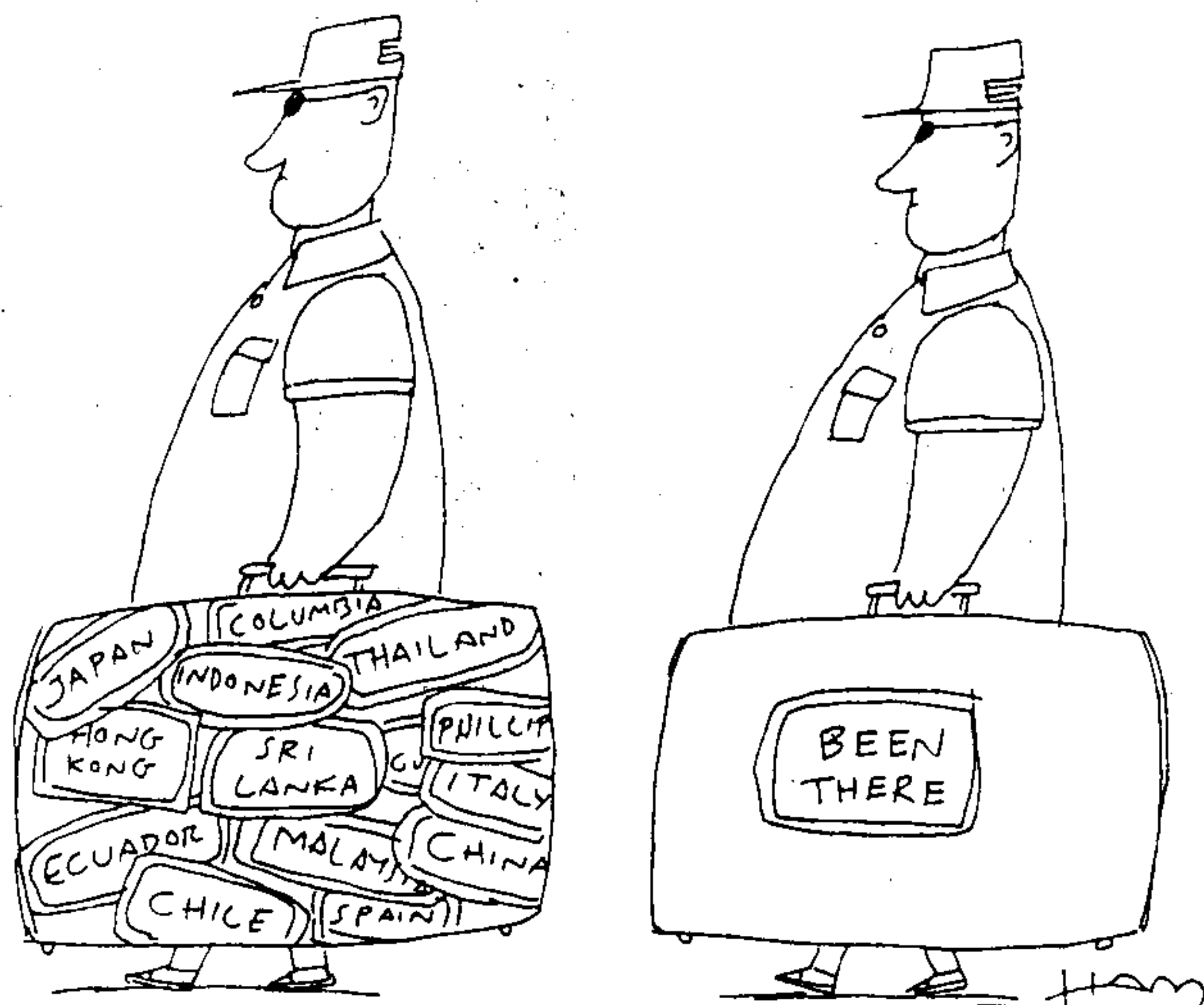
Bob: Come on, John. You know you want to. There's bags to talk about, you and 'im. Gor, you'll never get off the blower, once you start. Pick up the 'phone, Johnnie.

(Cut back to Hoskins with Adams, who is now chatting away and smiling happily)

Hoskins: It's good to talk.

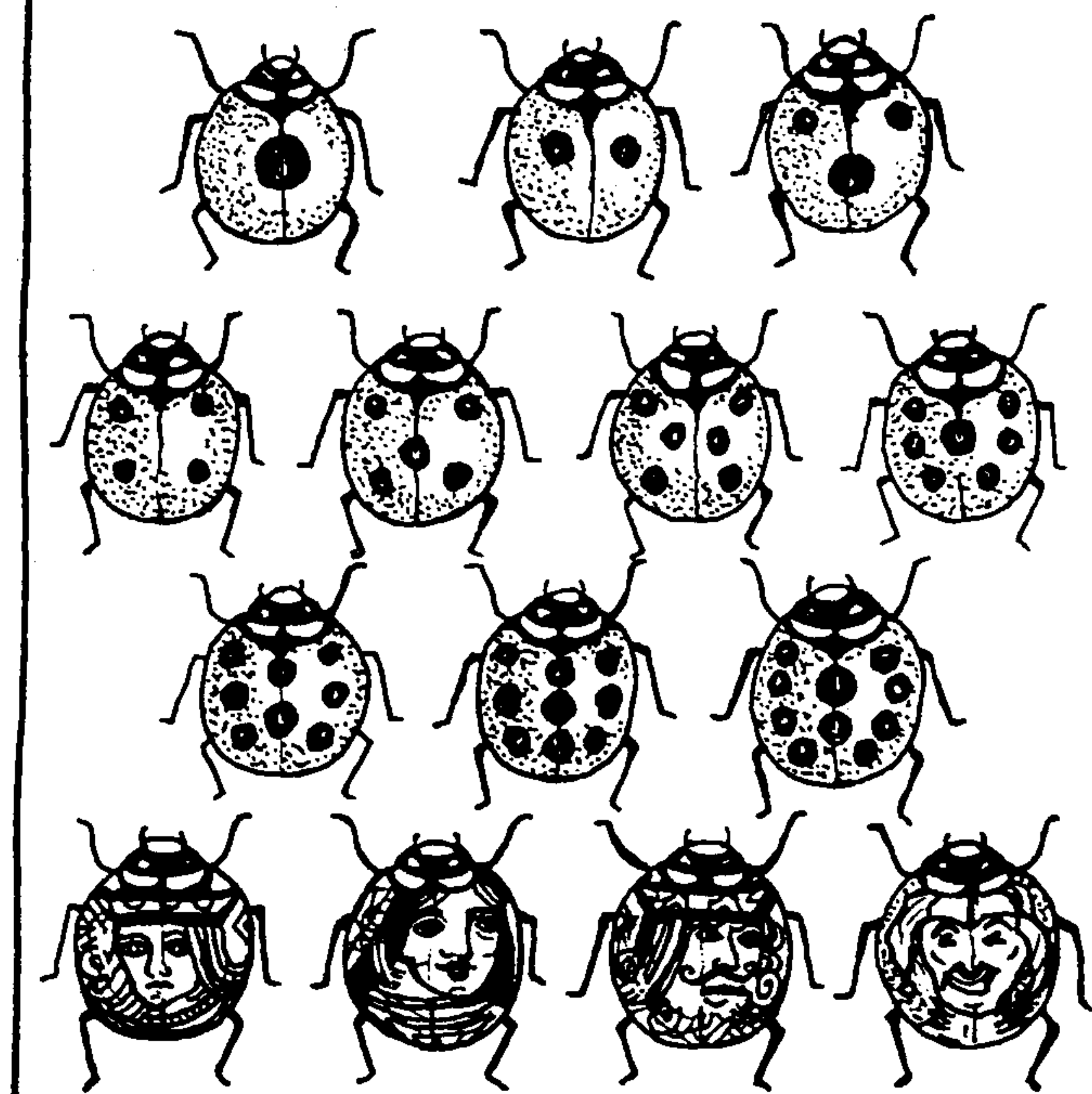
(Large bomb explodes in background)

BT — It'll Cost You A Bomb



Apparently... BY MIKE BARFIELD

A RARE FULL SET OF LADYBIRD BEETLES



Our Friends in the North Episode 94



'The Times They Are A-Changin', Bonnie Lad'

(Gritty young man from North walks into pub)

Gritty Man: Alright bonnie lad. Fancy a pint?

Friend in North: Why aye, man. Especially as Labour's just won the 1964 general election, thus ending 13 bastard years of Tory government.

Man: You mean the bastard Tory government that was rocked in its latter stages by the Profumo affair?

Friend: The very same, man. Did you go to see United last night?

Man: Aye, bloody crap. And to make matters worse, President Bastard Johnson's just escalated the bastard bombing in Vietnam.

Friend: Aye, it's a tough life being immersed in the bastard zeitgeist. Fancy a pint?

Man: Aye. What's the time?

Friend: Bloody hell, man! It's 1974 already! Time to put on long-haired wigs and discuss the bastard three-day week.

Man: Aye, bastard power cuts. I'm bloody freezin'.

Friend (tearing off shirt): Not now you're not! We've fast-forwarded to 1976 and the worst bastard drought for 60 years.

(Jukebox plays 'Don't Go Breakin' My Bastard Heart' by Desmond John and Kiki Tees)

Man: 1976! That means we're just three years away from the winter of discontent and the bastard Thatcher government! Fancy a pint?

Friend: Aye. Did you go to see United last night?

Man: Aye. Bloody crap. You know, what pisses me off about this Falklands war is...

(To be continued)

THE ALTERNATIVE VOICE

DAVE SPART, Co-Chair of Endangered Snails Against Capitalism, looks at the issues behind the news.

The Newbury by-pass basically, to my mind, is the most disgraceful crime ever to be perpetrated on the ordinary people of Great Britain, not to mention their fauna and flora, ie one of the rarest snails ever known to science which was only discovered last week because it is totally invisible to the naked eye, er, all this so the multi-national road lobby allied with the Thatcherite government led by Major and Blair can complete their secret agenda to construct a massive 8-lane motorway which will enable 40-tonne juggernauts carrying nuclear weapons all the way from Glasgow and Sellafield to the notorious Mururoa Atoll in France, er, even if it means exterminating hundreds of so-called protected sites of special scientific interest (PIIs) in order to preserve the privileged elite who live in the Thatcher heartland of Newbury with its fatcat horse-racing parasites, er, no wonder we in the Socialist Workers' Party have come down to join Tracy Wooster who is a Marchioness in her own right in her heroic one-woman struggle against the massed forces of fascist security police orchestrated by MI5 and the CIA. Frankly (cont'd p.94)

MEMO TO EDITOR: The lateness of this article is entirely due to my being held up by a traffic jam in Newbury. Why the Tories cannot simply build a by-pass is totally beyond me.

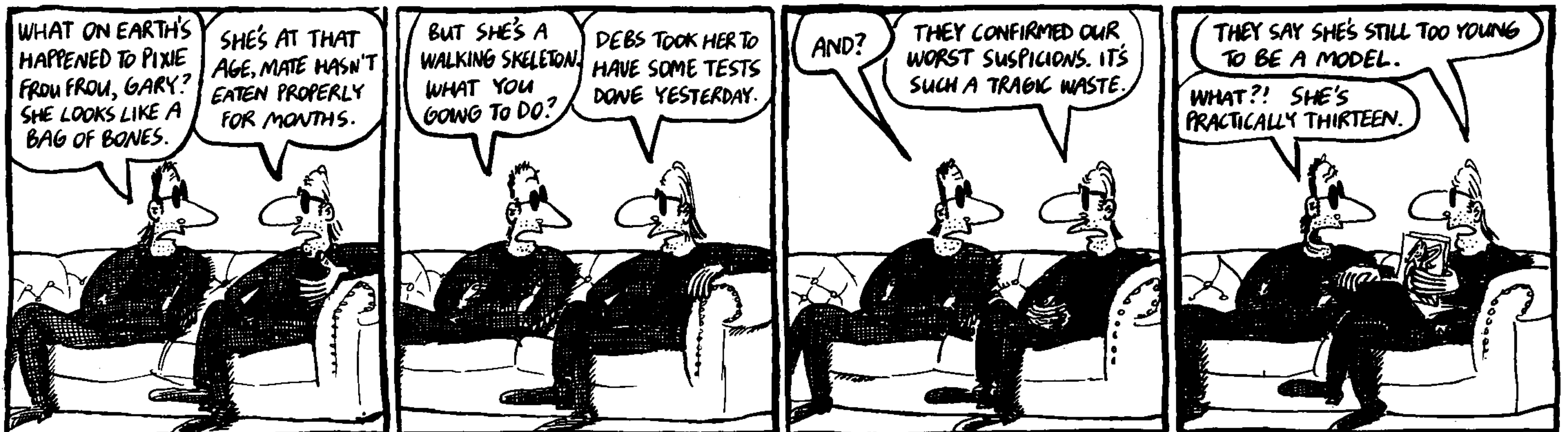


Great Bores Of Today.

"... it's the greatest exhibition they've ever done the ticket advance is twice that of the Picasso and I'll tell you why because he's the father of modern art that's why you take the Cubists right? people like whatshisname? the Belgian bloke or maybe he was Dutch the one who did the coloured squares anyway he could never have done what he did without *Les Baigneuses* no seriously you know he altered our whole perception of form like when he painted an apple it was more like a series of squares than a sphere like in *Crimewatch* when they put those squares over people's faces so you can't recognise them they could never have done that without the *Mont St Victoire* series no it's a logical progression interestingly that image tree rooftop mountain totally preoccupied the last years of his life when he was trying to come to terms with spacial reality the watercolours emphasise this quest perhaps more than the earlier oils that's what I've always thought anyway did you know when he painted his wife he told her 'sit like an apple an apple does not move' amazing that sums him up really it's a whole new vision of painting he has to be the father of modern art I've got a t-shirt of the bowl of fruit..."

Celeb

LIGGER



THIS WEEK IN

NEW PUNCH

(prop. Mohamed Al-Fayed)



☺ The lighter side of the grotesquely unfair DTI Report into the purchase of Harrods. By Jonathan Sale (starts Thursday)

☺ Punch takes a relaxed, weekend look at the Government's disgraceful policy to deny British citizenship to the worthy and upright owner of a large shop in Knightsbridge. By Mohamed Al-an Coren.

☺ Les Grands Bastards! Punch's top cartoonist Mahood imagines the Cezanne Exhibition as if it were all naked pictures of Tiny Rowland.

☺ Regular caption competition — Readers are invited to submit a new caption to an old photograph of Jonathan Aitken, Neil Hamilton and John Major suggesting that they should all be strung up.

PLUS

☺ Sheridan Morley at the Theatre — Sheridan falls asleep and dreams of eating a vast Harrod's Hamper at Glyndebourne.

☺ Media column by Ned Sherrin. Why can't Mr Al Fayed own the Times, the Observer and the BBC as well?

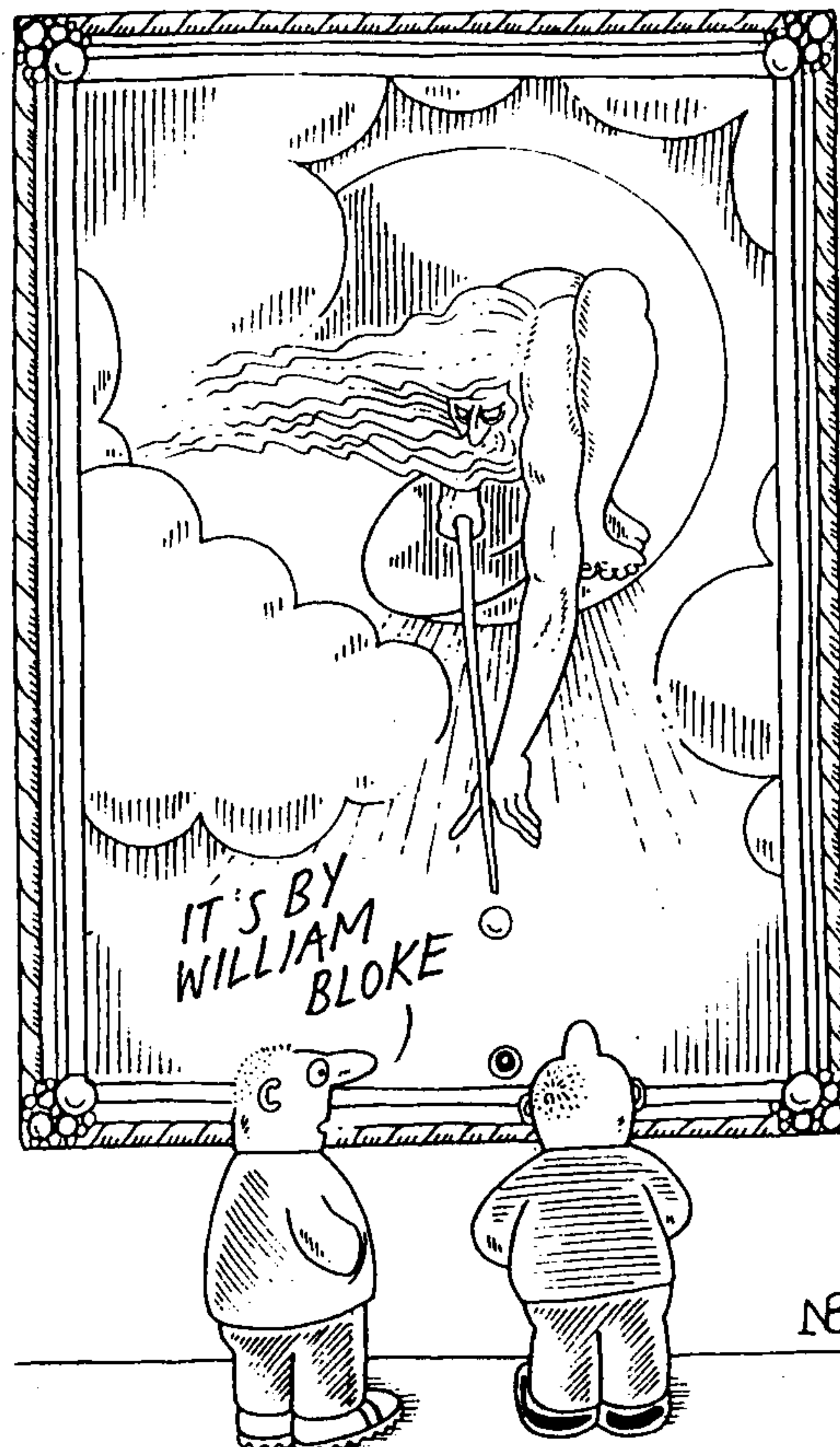
☺ Motoring — The BMW 3.6 XLi: the ideal car for running over Tiny Rowland.

☺ And not forgetting Let's Parler Egyptian with Miles Kingtut. (Episode 94: Dans Le Harrod's Food Hall.)

☺ All this and more under the new Editor, Mike Mullah!

NEW PUNCH

Just As Funny As It Always Was



TOP BRITISH GROUP TO SPLIT

by Our Showbiz Staff Dee Merger

IT'S OFFICIAL — one of Britain's most unpopular groups is to disband. After five years at the top enjoying the millionaire lifestyle that comes with failure, the members of Take Cash (formerly British Gas PLC) are to demerge and go their separate ways.

Famous for their string of records, including record salaries, record bonuses, record perks, record redundancies and record complaints by customers, the band are now to seek their fortunes as solo performers in their own smaller groups.

A Million Love Pounds

(shurely 'songs'? Ed.)

They hit the headlines recently when group frontman "Robber" (real name Cedric Brown) sensationally quit to strike out on his own. His financial

success has encouraged all the others to believe that they should scrap the group and go for maximum personal reward.

The Brit Gas Awards

Said a spokesman for the group: "They wanted to leave at the peak of their unpopularity. They had no fans at all and it just seemed a good time to call it a day."

Said one distraught admirer: "I wanted to say goodbye to Take Cash and I waited in all morning. But they never turned up."

SUPERMODELS

KERBER



Editor's brain stops at 1902

By Our Man In The Black Hole Sir Adrian Berry-Silly

FOLLOWING last night's explosion of an enormous bomb in the Canary Wharf offices of the Daily Telegraph, it was discovered that the brain of the editor, Mr Charles Moore, had stopped in the year 1902 precisely.

Since that moment, not a single thought has entered his head.

It seems extraordinary that a man stuck in such a time-warp should be running a national newspaper in 1996.

But it is true. Last night, as the dust from the explosion cleared, I ventured into the oak-panelled editorial sanctum where nothing had changed since the dawn of the Edwardian area.

Sitting behind his imposing mahogany desk, quill pen at the ready, I saw Mr Moore, an erect

figure in a frock-coat, top hat and wing collar, with Old Etonian cravat (Motto: In Etonia Ego).

He was dictating his editorial for the following day's Daily Telegraph and Morning Post to his faithful secretary Miss Sara Sands-Serif.

"Mark my words," he was instructing his readers, "these dastardly Fenians must be sought out with the full vigour of the law. And when they are in due course apprehended, as they will be, then they must be made to pay the full penalty of the law, viz to be taken from this place and hanged by the neck until they are dead. For it is the only language that such unlettered and uncouth Hibernian bogtrotters understand, not of course having enjoyed the benefit of an Etonian education. New Telegraph Scratchcard Game page 24..."



ESPADRILLA FLIES IN

THE SOCCER world was rocked to its foundations yesterday when after a month of stop-go negotiation Ron Knee, the Neasden manager, finally signed up the man he called "the player of the century".

Said the ashen-faced 57-year-old managerial mastermind: "Cocoa Espadrilla is simply in a class of his own. Indeed at Christmas he was in a cell of his own. But he assures me that he did not shoot anyone and that the cocaine in his suitcase belonged to his aunt in Miami."

Knee-Capped

When asked about the controversial injury to Espadrilla's knee, the tight-lipped Neasden supremo reassure fans (Sid and Doris Bonkers) that the Colombian Colossus of the Box was in fact 100 per cent fit.

Bringing him into the press conference in a wheelchair, the Neasden manager explained:

"I have not been sold a pup by the Italian club AC Valpolicella. Their president, Signor Machiavelli, assures me that, even though

by E.I. Erewego, Our Man On The Terraces With The Well-Thumbd Copy Of Loaded Magazine And The Pepperoni-Sausage-That-Thinks-It's-A-Chocolate-Bar

Espadrilla will never walk again, he has not lost his touch in the penalty area.

"We have given him a trial and even in his chair Espadrilla can cover 50 yards quicker than any player in the English league."

Knee-Castle

The fans, however, remained sceptical. Said Sid Bonkers: "I have no doubt that Cocoa is very skilful but he will have his work cut out reporting to the police station in Bogota on a Saturday morning and then getting back in time for the 3 o'clock kick-off."

Ron Knee is 57.

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DIARY

Remember that classic moment in Goodfellas — great movey if you haven't caught it — that classic moment when the big bloke whatsisname just gets out this huge great handgun and points it in the mouth of the little bloke whatsisname and then says something really brilliant, can't remember what exactly, and then just blasts his bloody head bloody off? Classic, blood all over the shop, really classic. Wot a larf, eh?

Anyway, that's how I felt when my mum woke me up this morning. Like the little bloke after the huge great handgun goes off, I mean, Gor, had I had a faceful the night before. Bottle of Courvoisier, half of Smirnoff, two bottles of red, half a dozen Screwdrivers, not to mention six pints of this totally lethal new cocktail I invented — six parts Kahlua to one part Domestros with a cherry on top called Slow Puke Against the Wall, as I say — **lethal**.

Hang on, mate, hang on, you're saying, who the shit's James Brown when he's at home, then? Only Editor of the award-winning totally zonko **LOADED** magazine for blokes who are still man enough to puke up in their baths without bothering to get out first, blokes like me who can list you every movey the great de Niro ever made while downing a bottle of Tequila and having it off with some scraggy tart in the toilets, and all at the same time. Drive our mums mad, we do — 'specially when we refuse to tidy up our rooms for the second day running and then — classic, this one — accidentally on purpose forget to brush our hair too!

Sir Laurens van der Post? Doh! More like Sir Laurens van der Pukey, if you ask me! What a twat, eh?

My mate Reece must of felt a right arse when he woke up with his dick stuck in a can of Foster's. Says he mistook the can for a condom the night before, what a total wally. But it's daft things like what that is that give us some of the great ideas like the ones that what we put into our crazy, totally knockerooni award-winning magazine **LOADED** (IPC Consumer Magazine of the Year 1995). So this issue we're running a six page Spring spesh on the mega-best lagers to stick your dick into — and the best Status Quo songs to sing while you're getting off on it ("well I like it, I like it, I like it, I like it, I l-i-i-i-i-i-i-ke it" — that's my personal fave — not to mention great for air guitar when you're completely rat-arsed! — though your mum might tell you to turn the bass bloody down a bit if it's after nine — typical!).



JAMES BROWN

Franz Kafka? Doh! More like Franz Notalotoflarfska, if you ask me! What a twat, eh?

Girls — what would we do without them, eh? Pissed-up, sex-obsessed and totally daft — that's the way we like 'em, am I right or am I right? You remember that moment in that great movey Taxi Driver when Bob de Niro's just cruising along the streets in his car looking out of his windows when suddenly he stops his taxi and sees these hookers in their hot pants out of the vehicle window, do you? Classic. Well, in my book that's girls for you — bloody magic, even if they haven't got an effin' clue where Leeds FC are standing in the League. But you can't have everything, can you, eh — unless we're talking lager, I've just had a 12 pack delivered!

Tell you what. As award-winning editor of **LOADED** (IPC Consumer Magazine Editor of the Year 1995) I was invited by our **LOADED** advertisers — great buncha lads — to take a totally free mega-hol to Venice with the totty of my choice.

Talk about soaking. Lucky I never brought my beautiful old Citroen GTi fuel-injection four-door all-leather-trimmings classic luxury saloon or it wouldn't have lasted more than a coupla minutes in those streets, they're so bloody wet, haven't they heard about draining? Most of the buildings — the one's what aren't falling down, that is — could do with a good lick of paint, and the people are all totally out of their heads because they can't understand a word of English, even when you shout it, and when I got out my German phrasebook they

couldn't even understand that neither, and what's more we couldn't get Sky for toffee on our hotel telly but me and Gaynor managed to find a decent pub and we went totally mental, with me knocking back the vino rosso like nobody's business and Gaynor going full speed ahead with the Creme de Menthe until we were puking up over a bridge together at midnight, and we came over all romantic like, so we got back to our hotel and had it off just in time for the monsta-filthy Eyetic porn movie on cable — very naughty, and no mum to burst in and tell me to shut it, will you!

Let's get a bit philosophical for a sec — I said **sec**, not **sex** — only kiddin', lads! You remember in that great de Niro movey "Raging Bull", smashin' movey, one of the all-time greats, when the great man punches the little guy again and again and again and again and blood spurts everywhere, all in slow-motion, really great, well, that's what I feel like sometimes when I've spent the morning farting in bed after a mega-hot curry listening to the latest Oasis before getting totally mega-zonked on twelve pints in an hour and a half and discovering a new video game I can master — really great.

Jeremy Paxman? Doh! More like Jeremy Pissoffoutofitman, if you ask me! What a twat!

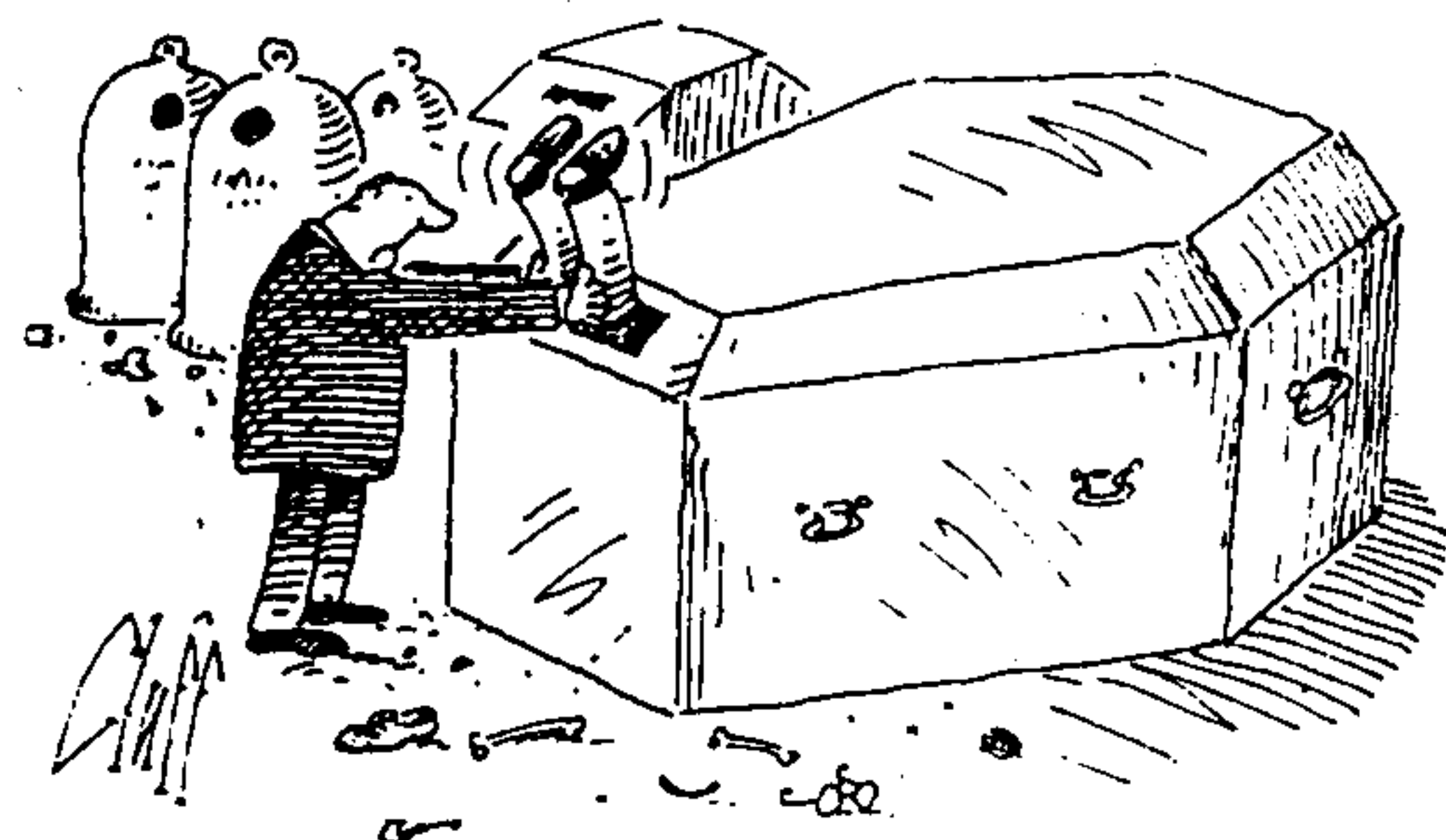
You know what, we at **LOADED** just don't give a shit, we don't. Like, we sometimes go into the office not even bothering to wear a tie, totally open-necked, maybe even in a T-shirt with "Blow Job" printed on a small label on the inside, and even with our shoes a little bit muddy if we feel like it, and we have been known to smoke in the corridor and we'll have the CD up to volume mark 6 'cos that's the sort of lads we are. And we're so bloody untidy. Sometimes after the wicked revelries the office looks like total carnage, with the biros all out of place, the stapler in totally the wrong drawer and the back-issues scattered any-old-how on the bloody back-issues shelf! Magic. And it's at times like these we'll sit and blag about what's the all-time greatest de Niro movey, or our all-time number one greatest episode of The New Avengers, or what's the best, Totty or Footy. My mate Gavin says he prefers Sooty, 'cos he's the only one that's a glove-puppet, but what I say is Grow Up Gavin — Sooty's like totally **babyish**, 'specially when there's the fuckin' great Simpsons on Sky. Gavin? Doh! What a twat, eh?



"OK, this week I'm going to show you how to hurt someone with a few well-timed rumours"

MAEVE and FRANK SHIEL, of Malahide, are delighted, but mildly stressed, at the engagements of all their daughters. Rufina to Paul Mullen, Devlin, Co. Westmeath, Jacinta to Antony Worrall Thompson, London, Ciara to Peter Plunkett, Malahide and Washington, also the forthcoming marriage of their son John to Krista Sheehy, Malahide.

Irish Times



Literary Review

Over-written, overrated and over here

Stormy Weather

Carl Hiaasen

(Macmillan, £15.99)

AN extravagant regard for literatures other than our own is a distinguishing mark of post-war British culture.

Forty years ago it was the French, and, of course, Uncle Franz Kafka. These days it's the Yanks: heroic oldsters like Mailer, Roth and Updike; sophisticated young solipsists like Nicholson Baker. Richard Ford. Cormac McCarthy. I mean, did you ever read a bad review of these guys? Did you ever come across an English critic who preferred our own homely, homegrown talent?

The queer thing about this blanket, and I fear impressionable, enthusiasm is that it extends right down to the second- and third-leaguers, the boys for whom Norm, Phil and John are just molten gods up there in the clear blue stratosphere. English reviewers love Carl Hiaasen. "A sensationally good book, incredibly funny," according to Beadie Lawson on *Late Review*. "A savage and hilarious fantasy," opined the *Mail on Sunday*. "You feel he could choreograph Armageddon," suggested the *Literary Review*.

What happens? Well, it's storm time down in Dade County, Florida (Hurricane Andrew, in fact, which whistled in across the Everglades in August '92) and a whole lot of people are caught in the draught. Two honeymooning New Yorkers named Max and Bonnie Lamb find themselves prised apart when dumb, voyeuristic Max, out there in the wreckage with his camcorder, gets kidnapped by a wild-eyed dement called Skink who just happens to be a onetime state governor. Edie and Snapper ("the facially challenged felon") are out there too, trying to work an insurance scam. Tony Torres, the salesman who sold all those savaged trailers, is living in fear of his vengeful customers. Oh, and a wildlife park full of exotic fauna is crawling up out of the boondocks...

You get the picture (oh, and

Torres gets it, by the by)? And no it isn't sensationally good, and no it isn't incredibly funny. It isn't either of these things, to start from scratch, because of its complete enslavement to the dominant style of modern American comic writing.

The dominant style of modern American comic writing, leaving aside a few surviving outcrops of *New Yorker* ironising, is the wisecrack. "Are you two close?"



someone asks of someone else and his father. "Sure. Only seven hundred miles away." "How often do you go to see him?" "When I want to get angry and depressed." Oh dear, you can just hear them trading this glum banter in the film, with each clanging remark nose-diving sadly on the carpet.

When he isn't serving up that oh-so-droll patter, Hiaasen specialises in, uh, kooky detail. Thus, skull-juggling Augustine, inheritor of the wildlife park, reflects that his "most recent ex-girlfriend was a leg model for a hosiery concern. She saved her modelling money and bought a town house in Brentwood, California, where she fellates only circumcised movie agents, and the occasional director." I'm sorry, but I fell off my chair here. He also, like Richard Ford and every other Yank from Roth down, does lists: "a bagel toaster, a Stairmaster, a silver tea set, three offbrand assault rifles, a

Panasonic cellular telephone..." Itemise this teeming landscape, the cry goes up, and it might just squawk back at us. But no, all that rises is a gloomy silence.

This is America, of course, which means that even the straight people are weird. One of the glaring faults of modern American writing — and English writing is going the same way — is that, with a few glamorous exceptions, nobody writes about ordinary people any more. No sir, they're all terminally deranged, strung-out and calculating. This is supposed to be satire. What of? Modern America? Advertising (certainly, Skink has a few tense dialogues with Madison Avenue Max over his choice of career)? Hiaasen is just too caught up in his material, too undistanced (he has a day job on the *Miami Herald*, by the way) too much a part of it, to get that far. What remains is just the usual catalogue of death and unpleasantness, stirred up with "comic" chatter, and, post-Tarantino, as fashionable as they come.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ THE baffling question that arises from the Random House v Joan Collins case is why Random House went to court.

This was hardly the first instance of a publisher's finding itself with a contract it wished it had never signed and an unpublishable manuscript. Why go to battle when the contract exempted La Collins from providing work of any merit whatsoever?

We are talking publishers here, so vanity and vindictiveness may well be involved. In 1990 Anthony "Fatty" Cheetham, then head of Random House UK, and his now estranged Lady Macbeth, Rosie, were prime movers in signing the \$4 million deal with the *Dynasty* diva. A year later Cheetham was fired.

The man who fired him was Albert Vitale, who styles himself chairman, president and chief executive officer of Random House Inc, who succeeded in getting his face obscured by a blue dot during the Collins trial, and who has been much put out that his tendency to get rid of people has led to his being likened to a mafia don.

The Collins case should have revealed the Cheethams to be profligate and incompetent. Alas the contractual skills of the late Irving "Swiftly" Lazar, and Collins's Oscar-worthy performance in the witness stand, stymied this revenge.

□ **FASHIONABLE** Tim Pears received an advance of £5,000 from Hamish Hamilton for his first, much admired novel, *In the Place of Fallen Leaves*. His second has just been whisked away from the groping Penguin Group by his erstwhile Hamish Hamilton editor, Alexandra Pringle, who is now his agent. Transworld is to be the lucky publisher in return for a mere £82,500. Good one, Alexandra.

■ **GOOD** to see the book review pages of the *Times* graced last week by popular novelist Sally Emerson. Surely this could have nothing to do with the fact that she is married to the paper's editor and acting literary editor, Peter Stothard?

□ **THE** smug management of Faber and Faber, after a decade or more of living off the royalties from Mr Eliot's *Cats*, finally roused themselves and appointed a couple of young editors, Julian Loose and Nicholas Pearson, to sign up a new generation of writers. And very well the young talent-spotters did too.

But instead of receiving a salary raise for signing up the likes of Vikram Chandra, Joseph Connolly and Niall Duthie (currently being reviewed ecstatically), Pearson was last month invited to vacate his Queen Street office and leave the firm immediately.

He was paid off and told not to discuss the reasons for this odd move but apparently "personality differences" are to blame. The purging of Pearson was undertaken when Julian Loose was conveniently on holiday in foreign parts and couldn't complain.

■ **THE** former foreign secretary Douglas Hurd is keen to return to a writer's life. But the synopsis of his new novel, based on the life of a fictional prime minister, is apparently so boring it has been rejected by at least six publishers. Hurd, however, is hopeful that a seventh, Little, Brown (who also publish Nick Leeson), may offer him an advance.

FABER AND FABER LIMITED

□ IN our issue of 26th January, we suggested that Fabers had entered into a contract with the Australian Broadcasting Corporation which had resulted in the composer Carey Blyton being deprived of royalties from his book *Bananas in Pyjamas*. In fact, Fabers had no involvement in the contract between Carey Blyton and ABC, which was entered into in 1992. Fabers had published the book in the 1970s and all rights reverted to Mr Blyton in 1985. We apologise for suggesting otherwise.

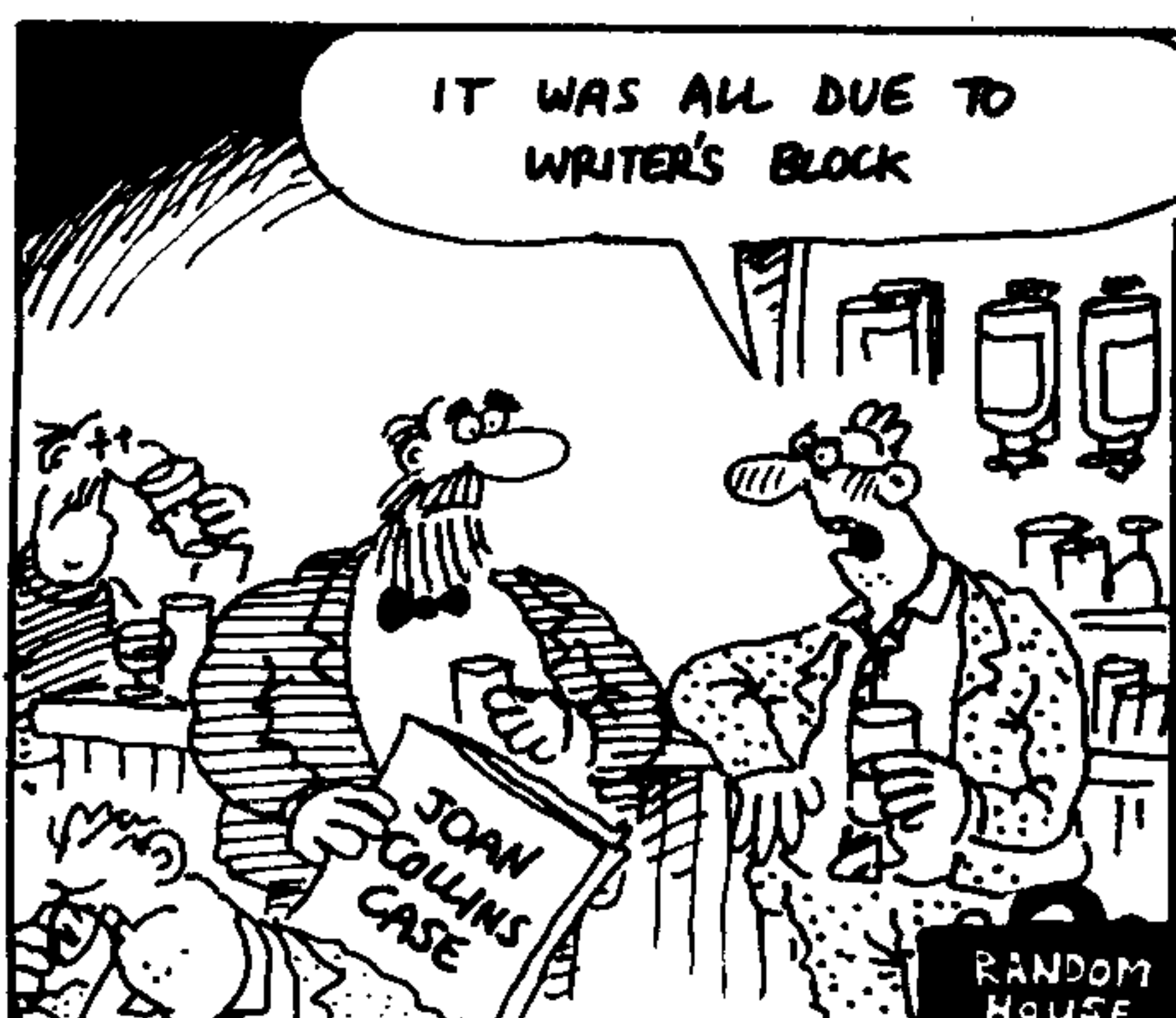
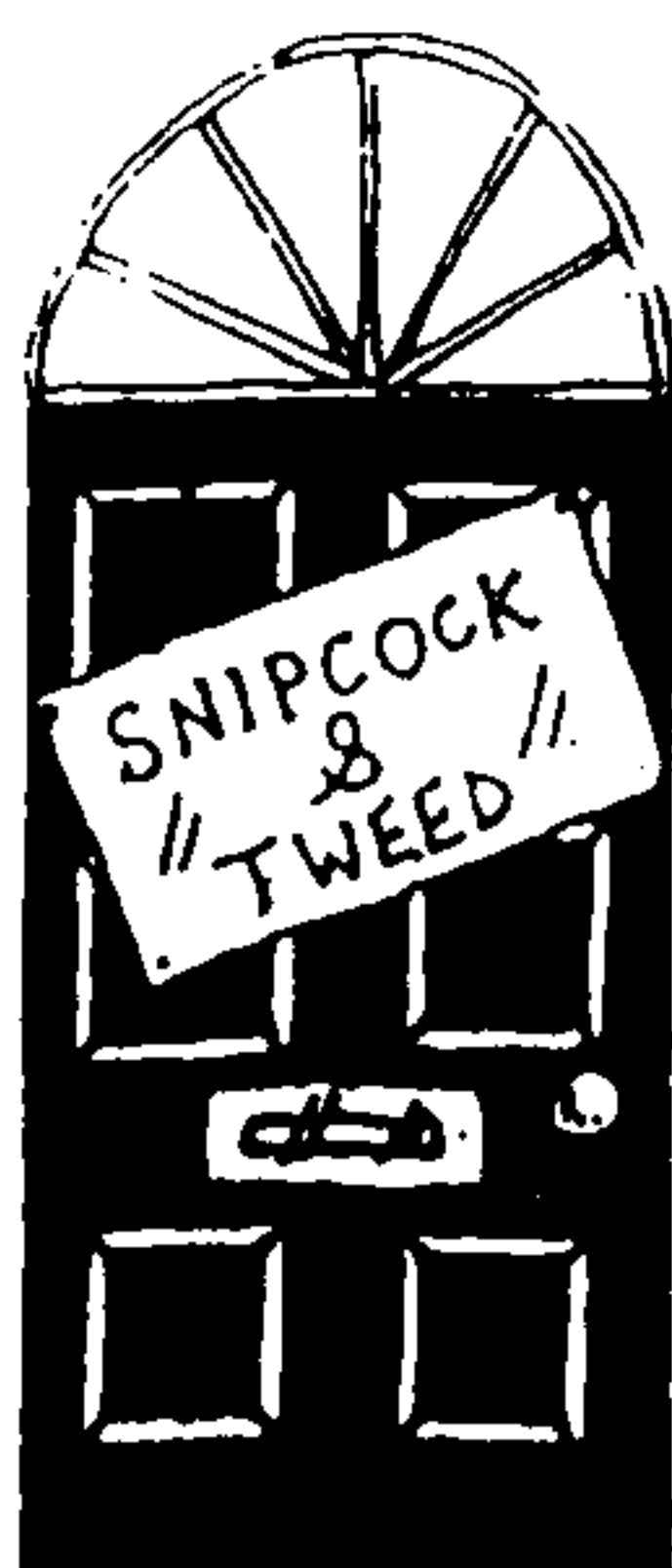
'Bookworm'

REMAINDERS OF THE DAY

THE BOOK: Tony Blair by John Rentoul.

THE HYPE: Published by Little, Brown in 1995, this was flagged as the definitive biography of the leader-in-waiting.

THE PRICE: Spotted at Fair Deal Books in Windsor knocked down from its original highbrow £16.99 to clear at £3.99 or three for £10.



SCOTTCHA!!

THE government's prompt reaction to the Scott Report which accused Ministers of "designedly" deceiving parliament and public, was designedly to deceive parliament and public.

The man chosen for the job was Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade and a name at Lloyd's. Mr Lang boasted: "The report confirms, and I quote, 'the government was not prepared to countenance the supply of lethal equipment to either Iran or Iraq'". That depends, though, on what you mean by "lethal". Lathes and other machinery approved for export from Britain to Iraq in 1990 were, according to one Ministry of Defence expert quoted by Scott, "sufficient to equip a factory designed to produce 500,000 155mm shells per annum". (D6.106) "Non-lethal" defence-related equipment worth more than £300m was exported from Britain to Iraq in the 1980s. Mr Lang was good enough to say that "during the 1980s some evidence existed that certain other countries might have diverted arms to Iraq".

OLD LANG'S LYING

Then came the lie direct: "As far as British goods were concerned, steps were taken to counter this". In fact no steps at all were taken to counter it. Scott says:

"Government knowledge that Jordan was being used as a diversionary destination (for arms to Iraq) goes back at least to 1983." (E2.4)

"No special procedures were put in place in order to try and assess the likelihood of diversion to Iraq." (E2.12)

"To be fair to Jordan, its use as a 'front' had been deliberately encouraged by the United Kingdom in the early 1980s for the purpose of arranging the sale to Iraq of 29 armoured recovery vehicles." (2.16)

"In the period from 1984 to 1990, no special procedures were put in place in order to combat the use of Jordan as a diversionary route for British exports to Iraq... Even the apparent complicity of senior officers in the Jordanian armed forces in conspiracies to facilitate the export of military material to Iraq did not move the Foreign Office to protest." (E2.56)

How much lethal equipment went to Iraq through Jordan? Scott can't find out, but trade in arms between Britain and Jordan in the 80s was 3,000 per cent higher than in the 70s. Scott also reveals "a fair probability" that 15,000 large artillery shells went to Iraq from Britain via Saudi Arabia. (E6.6)

Lang's capacity for deception moved into even higher gear when he came to defend his colleague the Chief Secretary to the Treasury, William Waldegrave. "My right honourable friend," he drooled, "is absolved of the charge that he intended to mislead members of this House or anyone else."

On the contrary, the Scott report again and again convicts Waldegrave of giving parliament and public information about the government's arms sales policy to Iraq which was untrue and



PRESIDENT AND INCORRECT: Ian Lang

which he knew to be untrue. In late 1988 and early 1989, three Ministers of State — Waldegrave (FCO), Alan Clark (DTI) and Lord Trefgarne (MOD) — agreed to change one of three guidelines governing government policy on defence equipment sales to Iran and Iraq. The change was immediately put into effect by officials. It substantially increased defence sales to Iraq and cut defence sales to Iran, yet the three Ministers agreed among themselves not to tell parliament, the public or even, apparently, their secretaries of state or the prime minister.

The new policy was rigorously pursued, while parliament and public were told the old policy was still in force. In four months in 1989 Waldegrave signed 26 letters to MPs declaring that the "government have not changed their policy on defence sales to Iraq or Iran". Scott commented: "Mr Waldegrave knew, first hand, the facts that, in my opinion, rendered the 'no change in policy' statement untrue." In plain language the minister was lying to parliament.

In numerous, interminable and (for us taxpayers) expensive submissions, Waldegrave protested to Scott that the guidelines had not been changed. Scott totally rejected this. "To describe this revised formulation as no more than an interpretation of the old is, in my opinion... so plainly inapposite as to be incapable of being sustained by serious argument" (D3.123) and "not even remotely tenable".



THE BLESSED PAIR: Saint Willy and Saint Nick

(D3.90) Waldegrave's excuse for not telling the Prime Minister about the change was "unconvincing... without substance" (D3.104) His suggestion that the policy had not changed because the prime minister had not approved the change was "sophistry". (D3. 125) The section on Waldegrave is a formidable indictment which, in ordinary times, no minister could survive.

RICHARD THE FAINT-HEART

Chief Secretary Waldegrave has survived so far only because Scott briefly indulged himself in the linguistic gymnastics for which he so freely criticises others. The most ridiculous example is in paragraph D3.124: "I accept that Mr Waldegrave did not have any duplicitous intention and regarded the relaxed interpretation of guideline (iii) as being a justifiable use of the flexibility believed to be inherent in the guidelines. But that that was so underlines to my mind the duplicitous nature of the flexibility claimed for the guidelines."

These two sentences should be submitted for analysis to the most sophisticated language laboratory in the country. Before the results are published we can only guess what they mean: that Mr Waldegrave was not duplicitous in relaxing the interpretation of guideline (iii) but was duplicitous in claiming that the guidelines were flexible. This absurd and meaningless formula has been seized on by the Chief Secretary to claim that the Scott report has "cleared my name" when, over the course of more than 100 pages, the report does the opposite.

Mr Lang was even less successful in defending the Attorney General, Sir Nicholas Lyell, who is lambasted over and over again in the report for getting the law wrong on gagging orders — public interest immunity certificates — in criminal trials, and above all for not informing the prosecution or the judge in the Matrix Churchill trial that one minister, Michael Heseltine, wanted the relevant documents disclosed to the defence. No amount of assurances about Sir Nicholas's personal sincerity can get him off the hook on which Scott impales him.

If there was a shred of principle left in the Major government, both ministers would have resigned at once, and the debate on the Scott report could have been relatively free of party controversy. But Major will cling to his discredited ministers until his own security is threatened, when he will finally let them go.

Some commentators have concluded from the few sentences which hail the alleged "good faith" of the two ministers that the Scott report is a whitewash or that Scott was "nobbled" (*Observer*, 18 February). They complement the government press, which has excitedly denounced the report as "rubbish" (*Sun*), "almost unreadable" (*Sunday Times*) and "boring" (*Evening Standard*). In fact, for all his faint-heartedness when it comes to criticising ministers and especially prime ministers, Scott has a lot to tell us about the way we are governed.

NOW TURN OVER

MAJOR'S BIG BUNG FOR SADDAM

NOT many people realise that lots of defence equipment sold to the Iraqi government from Britain wasn't paid for by the Iraqis. Instead the bills — for hundreds of millions of pounds — went to the British taxpayer. The taxpayer has to stump up because of agreements reached by a British government organisation, the Export Credit Guarantee Department, which guaranteed over a billion pounds worth of British exports to Iraq. If the Iraqis didn't pay, the taxpayer would.

From 1984, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher agreed that up to 20 per cent of the guaranteed money could be applied to defence sales. This allocation was kept completely secret. In spite of the Ministers' insistence that they were even-handed between Iran and Iraq, there was no equivalent arrangement for Iran.

The Scott report for the first time reveals the amazing figures for this British taxpayers' guarantee of "non-sharp arms business" with Saddam Hussein. The fig-

ures were agreed between the ECGD and the British Treasury every year — in November 1984, £25m; in December 1985, £50m; in October 1987, £20m.

In November 1988, after the ceasefire between Iran and Iraq, new credits were extended. The Scott report says: (D3.175)

"The proposed new offer, as explained in a note dated 29 September 1988 from Mr P. Mountfield to the Chief Secretary would, if fully taken up... have led to a total ECGD exposure by the end of 1989 of £1,156m". This included a new line of general purpose credit for Saddam of £200m, up to 20 per cent of which could be spent on defence equipment. So the credit for "non-sharp arms business" was up by 100 per cent from the previous year.

This proposal went to the Chief Secretary of the Treasury who, according to Scott, (D3.175) "endorsed the proposed new offer". Scott is usually precise about naming politicians. On this occasion the Chief Secretary to the Treasury in 1988 is not named in the report. His name was John Major, the man who later became

Foreign Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister.

In 1991 and 1992, the House of Commons Select Committee on Trade and Industry investigated exports to Iraq. The figures for ECGD guarantees for defence sales were withheld from the committee. In June 1990 Alan Rogers from the Labour front bench asked for details of the guarantees. The answers did not mention the defence allocation. Scott concludes: (D2.120) "It was not the defence allocation policy itself, but, rather, the concealing of that policy from parliament and the public, while at the same time repeatedly professing a defence sales policy that was impartial and even-handed as between Iran and Iraq that was, in my opinion, reprehensible." One man who could have come forward to stop this reprehensible secrecy was Mr Open Government himself, Prime Minister J. Major.

PS. When the government last estimated the "total exposure" of ECGD (the British taxpayer) on Iraq, the figure was £652m.



"So are they all — all honourable men"



SIR COLIN CHANDLER, former marketing director of British Aerospace. When head of overseas sales at the Ministry of Defence he called up his pal and groupie David Hastie to work in the Ministry to plug the sale of £3bn worth of Hawk fighter-training aircraft to Saddam Hussein. Hawk was made by British Aerospace, where Hastie (and Chandler) had been marketing director. At the MOD Hastie got a completely new job description and his salary was paid by British Aerospace. Scott found all this quite shocking. "It is as plain as a pikestaff that, so far as MOD advice to government in the Hawk project was concerned, Mr Hastie was in a position of potential conflict between duty and interest" (D6.35). Chandler is now chairman of Vickers. Will he resign?

NICHOLAS BEVAN, in November 1992 a senior official in the Cabinet Office, "contended that his researches had shown that government policy, as for-

mulated in the 1985 guidelines, had not changed and that the guidelines had not been altered. I am unable to accept either of Mr Bevan's conclusions" (D3.120). Mr Bevan is now secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Will he resign?

TONY STEADMAN, former head of the export licensing department at the DTI. Scott says: "At the conclusion of his oral evidence I was satisfied that he had no consistently reliable recollection of the events relating to his work that had preceded his illness in April 1990. Moreover, I formed the view that when faced with difficult questions he agreed much too readily with explanations or suggestions put to him by the questioner and that reliance could not be safely placed on some of his admissions" (D2.359). Mr Steadman is still at the DTI. Will he resign?

ERIC BESTON, former head of export control at the DTI. Scott says:

"I have reached the conclusion that Mr Beston's evidence given at the trial as to the state of government knowledge of the use for military purposes of Matrix Churchill machine tools licensed for export to Iraq was not frank evidence



but was overly conditioned by a desire to avoid answers that might prove embarrassing to senior officials and Ministers of his department" (G17.16). Mr Beston is still at the DTI. Will he resign?

ALAN BARRETT, former chairman of the MOD working group on Iran/Iraq exports. Scott says: "In my opinion Mr Barrett failed to put before the Minister a balanced recommendation... I conclude that Mr Barrett thought the applications should be approved... But the decision as to whether the observance of the guidelines should be accorded a lower degree of priority than the protection of the source was one which should have been put to and decided by Ministers. The Minister was in my opinion ill-served on this occasion" (D6.103). Mr Barrett is still at the MOD. Will he resign?

PATRICK NIXON and CARSTEN PIGGOTT, Foreign Office officials who persuaded officials in the London embassies of Jordan and Iraq not to give evidence in a criminal trial involving the sale of arms to Iraq. Scott says: "Expressions such as 'a bad show' or 'a curious procedure' fall in my opinion a long way short of adequately describing the degree of impropriety constituted by the steps taken in 1985 by these FO officials" (J5.20). Mr Nixon is now British High Commissioner in Lusaka, and Mr Piggott is Deputy High Commissioner in Addis Ababa. Will they resign?

GERALD HOSKER and ANDREW LEITHEAD, from the Treasury Solicitors Department. Scott says: "Dissatisfac-

tion in the Treasury Solicitors' Department with the breadth of discovery required under the Attorney-General's guidelines seems clear. The admitted intention to make it more difficult for the defence in a criminal trial to obtain relevant documents seems to me an attitude that is very difficult to justify. In written comments, however, Mr Leithead has repudiated those answers given in his oral evidence that led to the conclusion that he (and Mr Hosker) were trying 'to make it harder for the defendants to obtain documents'. He should, he now says, have answered 'No' instead of 'Yes' to the relevant questions". (G10.20-21) Mr Leithead is still in the department. Will he resign? Yes or no? Mr Hosker is now Sir Gerald Hosker, and has retired.

SIR ANDREW COLLINS QC, prosecution counsel in the Ordtech case.

He told the judge government documents about exports of arms to Iraq via Jordan were irrelevant to the defence. But he didn't even look at the documents himself. He relied upon the opinion of a Customs officer. Scott says Collins should have looked at the documents himself or got one of his lawyers to do so. "He should not in my opinion simply have relied upon the opinion of an investigative officer" (J6.42). Mr Andrew Collins is now Sir Andrew. He is a high court judge. Will he resign?



From Spycatcher to Supergun

BY FAR the most fascinating section of the Scott report — about the Supergun — raises the spectre of the British intelligence services out of control. Most people hoped this spectre had been laid to rest after the Spycatcher affair nearly ten years ago.

In April 1990, sections of the barrel of the Supergun made by Forgemasters of Sheffield for Iraq were seized by Customs at Teesport. Secretary of State for Trade and Industry Nicholas Ridley said that the government had become aware of the gun "recently". He was stopped in his tracks by his backbench Tory colleague Sir Hal Miller who told the House that he had warned the government about the gun in 1988.

In the days that followed Sir Hal gave the Prime Minister and the Cabinet Secretary the details. In June 1988, he had spoken on the phone to the DTI, the Ministry of Defence and to a "third agency", and told them that a firm in his area, Walter Somers of Halesowen,

were suspicious about a contract ostensibly for petrochemical pipes for Iraq which they feared might be military. He knew about it because he was friendly with the managing director of Walter Somers, who also spoke to an official at the MOD. Sir Hal was immediately subjected to a sustained smear campaign. In 1992 he retired from politics altogether. He refused to give evidence to the House of Commons Select Committee on Supergun in 1991 and 1992. The Select Committee concluded that the first anyone in government knew about Supergun was when two arms firm directors told the MOD in October 1989.

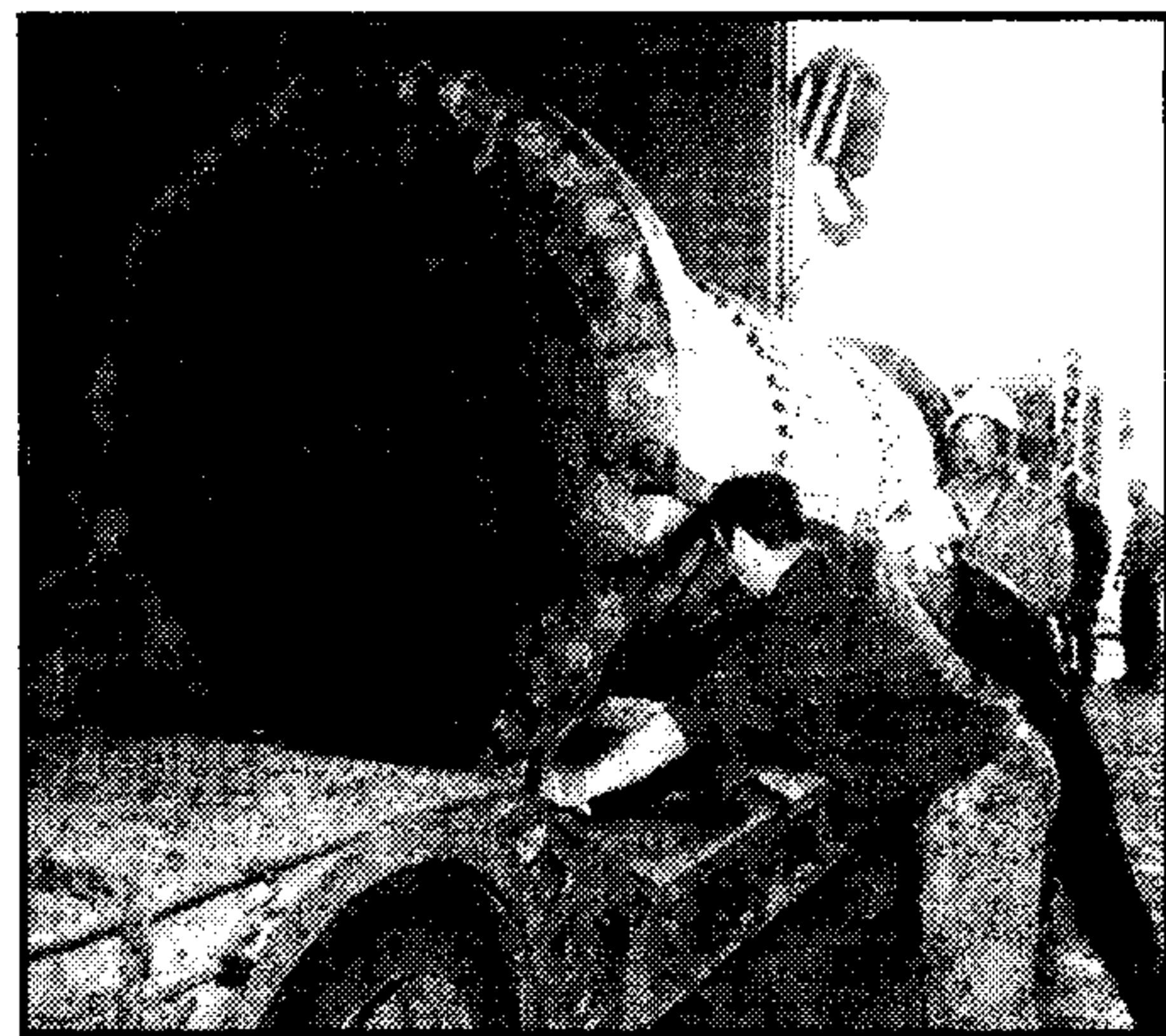
The committee added little to the public knowledge about the Supergun. Scott tells a completely different story, partly because he heard evidence from Sir Hal Miller, who stands by everything he said in 1990, and partly because he had access to the secret papers of the intelligence services.

Scott reveals that from the moment the Supergun prosecutions were mysteriously dropped in November 1990, a thorough search

was ordered by the Prime Minister to find out why the government knew so little about the manufacture for illegal export of the biggest gun in the history of the world.

So high-powered and intense was the search that it involved the then head of MI6, Sir Colin McColl. McColl was puzzled by an MI6 paper of October 1989 which suggested that British intelligence had known that gun barrels were probably being made by Walter Somers as early as June 1988 — the same month that Miller says he first contacted the government. In a secret memo of 28 November 1990 to Sir Percy Cradock, the Prime Minister's foreign affairs adviser, McColl wrote off the 1988 story as a "confusion". Scott sharply attacks this conclusion. "The response" he reports "was not consistent with what was known". (F3.61)

Scott's investigation reveals two new documents, both originating from MI5, both suggesting a link between Walter Somers and



"gun barrels" or "weapons". The first note was dated 5 July 1988; the second 4 November 1988. These notes clearly reinforce Sir Hal Miller's claim that the intelligence services knew something very strange was going on in Halesowen as early as June 1988.

Yet no-one in authority was told about it; and nothing was done about it. The government committee which collected sensitive information about defence exports never heard a word about the Supergun even though some people in intelligence — one of whom, actually sat on the committee — clearly knew about it.

Scott ends his amazing account like this:

"Muddle undoubtedly had a part to play. But it went further than mere muddle... There is clear evidence that sometime before October 1989, government officials had had information which raised the suspicion that Walter Somers's tubes were probably intended for use as artillery gun barrels... The evidence indicates suspicion that an Iraqi long-range artillery project with unusual features was in contemplation. Parliament could, and should, have been told this. The Select Committee could, and should, have been told this. The 1990 investigation by MI6 was inadequate and its report pursuant to that investigation was apt to mislead..." (F4.80)

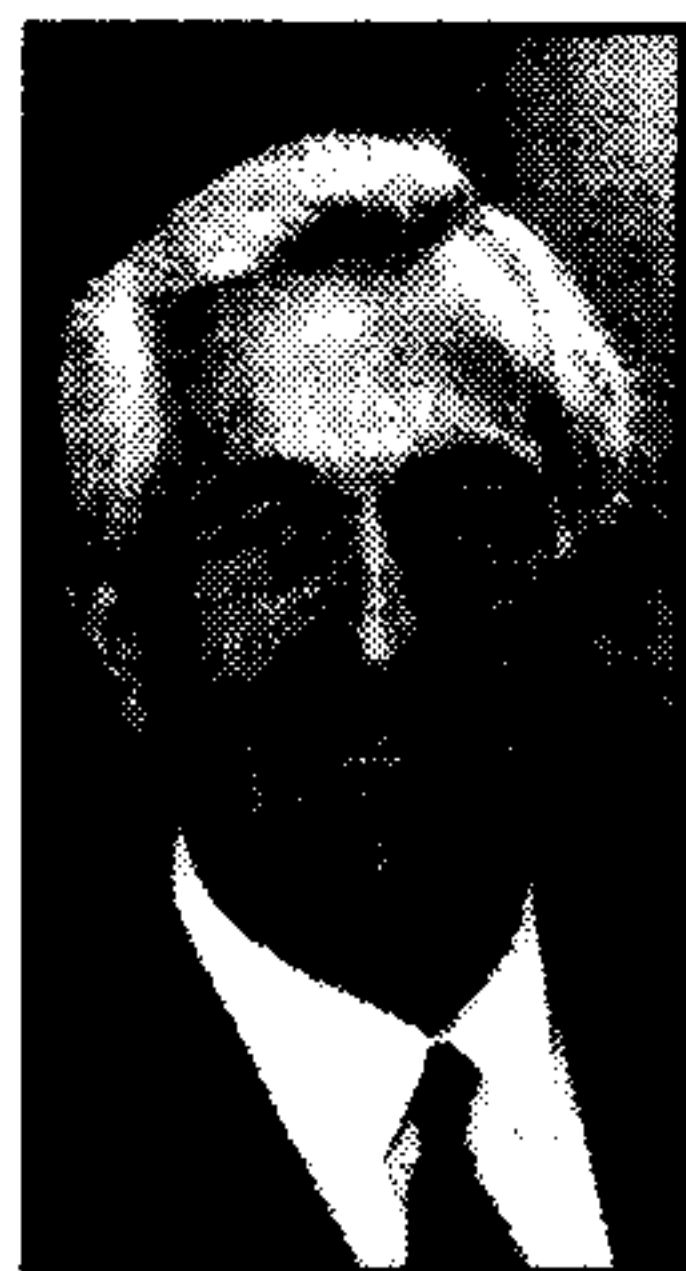
This seems to suggest a sustained cover-up by MI5 and MI6 of which the old MI5 rogue Peter Wright would have been proud.

THATCHER'S MEMORY LAPSE

SCOTT goes out of his way to say he believes everything Margaret Thatcher told him about her ignorance of sensitive sales to Iraq. But he doesn't always convince.

At the oral hearings she was asked if she "had been made aware of the fact that a large number of machine tools from the beginning of 1988, or perhaps a little earlier, onwards had gone to Iraq and had been applied to the manufacture of munitions". She replied: "No, I have no recollection of that," and went on to insist that the first she ever heard of Matrix Churchill lathes was in June 1990.

Whoops! The Scott Report (G12.30) reveals an "entry in SIS (MI6) weekly digest of intelligence dated 29 March 1988 which contains a summary of the British machine tool industry's involvement in Iraqi munitions manufacture and refers to 'Churchill Matrix' being 'heavily involved'... The digest was sent to and initiated by the Prime Minister."



ST. PAUL: HENDERSON



ST. PAUL: GRECIAN

THE "INNOCENTS"

A POPULAR misconception about the arms to Iraq affair is that innocent men might have gone to prison. The alleged innocents include Paul Henderson, former boss of Matrix Churchill, and Paul Grecian, former boss of Ordtech. Many gallons of tears have been shed by newspapers on behalf of these dreadfully wronged businessmen.

The point is, however, that these men were on their own admission exporting weapons-making equipment to Iraq — and lying about it. They were eventually cleared in the courts for the unusual reason that the government condoned what they were doing.

Both men were informants for MI6, and both claimed that they told MI6 exactly what they were doing. The Scott report suggests otherwise. It reveals (E10.47) that Mr Grecian only told intelligence about his contract to provide a fuse assembly line for the Iraqis after MI6 had found out about it from another source. As for Henderson, Scott reports a 1989 meeting with Trade Minister Lord Trefgarne and concludes: (D6.141) "It follows in my opinion in relation at least to the machine tools to be supplied under the Cardoen arms contract, that Mr Henderson was guilty of deceiving Lord Trefgarne".

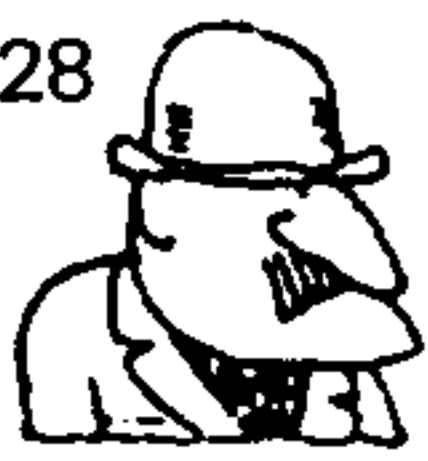
... AND ANOTHER LITTLE LIE FROM JONATHAN AITKEN MP

MR AITKEN said on *Question Time* in June 1995: "Until I arrived on the board of BMARC in 1988 I had not been involved in the arms business." Whoops! The Scott report (D7.93) quotes a letter from Mr Aitken to Mr Gerald James (chairman of arms company Astra) in March 1985: "In the course of my last visit to Saudi Arabia, I did discuss Astra with one or two Saudi businessmen who I thought might be effective within the defence field. To date however I have not clearly identified an agent who would be likely to deliver an order for military pyrotechnics. However I do have a good and trusted contact who seems to be able to produce excellent results in both Iraq and Saudi Arabia."



OBN (SILK)

SIX LEADING barristers (Robert Seabrook, Michael Beloff, Graham Boal, Philip Havers, John Nutting and Anne Rafferty) wrote to the *Times* (17 Feb) to uphold the integrity of Sir Nicholas Lyell the Attorney General. For some reason none of the six disclosed how many prosecuting briefs they and their chambers have been handed by the Attorney in recent years.



In the City

TAXPAYERS will be both relieved and mystified to discover that Ernest "Alzheimer" Saunders has brought the latest legal challenge against his Guinness conviction entirely without recourse to the ever generous legal aid fund.

Indeed it is understood Saunders never even applied for legal aid for his appeal to the European court of human rights, even though it is available for Strasbourg cases.

Instead "Alzheimer" is asking the European court to make Britain pay his costs should it rule that his right to silence was breached by the use of his evidence to the Department of Timidity & Inaction's inspectors against him at the 1990 trial.

Saunders claims his costs in bringing the case approach £200,000. Which raises two questions:

1. How did Saunders finance such legal bills?
2. How could he do so while still obtaining legal aid for the unsuccessful second appeal to the court of appeal last year?

The Saunders camp claims that "friends" have helped fund his European campaign, while the medical marvel has made a contribution from his consultancy earnings. But why were such generous friends unavailable when it came to the court of appeal action here? And was Saunders's income taken into account regarding any contribution to the legal costs here? These are yet further mysteries regarding the workings of the legal aid board.

Britain is likely to have been better served at the Strasbourg hearing on 19 February by having recent appeal court victor Sydney Kentridge QC rather than the attorney-general Sir Nicholas Lyell, whose legal mediocrity and political partiality were glaringly exposed by the Scott report. But it seems long odds on the European court overruling the pro-Saunders finding of the European commission of human rights which advises the judges.

The political hot potato for the government in the event that Saunders wins will be whether "Alzheimer" will be awarded not only his costs but compensation. "Alzheimer" is asking for up to £5 million for loss of earnings and opportunity as a result of being convicted and jailed.

Given that only last November the appeal court decided that the Guinness jury was "well justified" in finding Saunders and his co-defendants guilty of dishonesty, any award is certain to provoke a firestorm of criticism and not just from the Europhobes. Even paying Saunders's costs — the European court has yet to award compensation in a criminal case — is likely to provoke outrage, especially after the earlier substantial six figure legal aid bills.

The hope of the Serious Farce Office, tasked with defending its best ever result, is that in the face of the resounding appeal court decision on the same grounds the European court may feel less sympathetic to Saunders. The Strasbourg court

delayed the hearing in order to allow the appeal court to take a second look. But the appeal court judges, headed by the lord chief justice, had no doubt in upholding the use of the DTI evidence as perfectly lawful under British law.

In its submissions the SFO has also made it clear that, as the appeal court accepted, Saunders was far from convicted just on the evidence he gave to the DTI inspectors. Indeed he said little if anything to incriminate himself to the DTI. How could he? He claimed not to know anything about the £200 million Guinness share support operation — doubtless as a result of the early onset of the now happily reversed Alzheimer's disease.

What incriminated Saunders was not the DTI transcripts but the testimony of the prosecution's star witness, Olivier Roux, the former Guinness finance director, and what the appeal court called the "ample evidence of a dishonest scheme". This included the huge success fees paid under the secret indemnities by false invoices to co-defendants Gerald Ronson, Anthony Parnes and Jack Lyons who participated in the illegal share support operation of which "Alzheimer" denied any knowledge to the DTI and at the trial.

Had Saunders not testified at his trial — rejecting the strong advice of his counsel Richard Ferguson QC — the DTI transcripts could not have been used against him to the effect that they were by illustrating how he had changed his tune when giving evidence.

The question for the European court will be whether Saunders was *forced* to convict himself. The court has already ruled — in rejecting the appeal from the phoney Pharaoh Mohamed Fayed — that DTI inspectors can compel witnesses to tell the truth. The issues will be whether the judges agree with the appeal court that there was more than enough other truth to convict Saunders and whether he did incriminate himself in the evidence he gave to the DTI which was then used against him during his cross-examination.

Because of the general European acceptance of the right to silence it would not be surprising if Saunders were to score a propaganda victory when the Strasbourg verdict comes down in two to three months' time. However, post the appeal court decision the SFO feels this is far from the certainty it once seemed. And even if the European court does rule for Saunders it may not award any compensation or his full costs — which would be a result of sorts.

That Britain will have to pay any award — despite the expected Heseltine-style bluster that followed the ruling in favour of the IRA members killed in Gibraltar — is undoubted. Equally certain is the likely government response to the anticipated bid by Saunders to use any Strasbourg ruling in his favour to seek yet a further review of his conviction and/or compensation.

But at least for once the SFO will not be to blame. Whatever the European court says, the appeal court has upheld that the SFO did its job

properly and well. The great pity is that it was never again able to repeat the trick. One explanation may be that it never again assembled such a high-powered legal team to prosecute the case. Ever since — as seen in Maxwell and with the ongoing Elizabeth Forsyth trial — the defence boasts the legal aces.

IT should come as no surprise that health minister Stephen Dorrell defends the "fat cats" of the NHS trusts while helping keep down nurses' wages. The Dorrell family company, industrial clothing makers Faithful Group, certainly does not believe in restricting either directors' pay or shareholders' dividends to the rate of inflation.

Faithful recently reported record profits for 1994, almost doubled from £898,000 to £1,662,000. Chairman Christine Dorrell, the minister's mum, paid herself an extra 8.7 percent at £24,131. Managing director Peter Warr's salary rose even faster, by 9.2 percent to £83,799 — the average NHS trust chief executive's salary is £65,864.

The real bonanza, however, was for the Dorrell family shareholders who saw dividends jump by 70 percent to 425p a share. As a result the dividends paid to Stephen Dorrell — who holds a 21 percent stake with his director wife Penelope — bounded from £13,367 to £22,724, a wage most nurses would be lucky to earn.

But not everyone at Faithful Group was breaking out the champagne. The average pay for the 400 employees in an industry with even lower pay than the NHS... went down! It was just under £10,000. Who says the free market doesn't work?

SUNSET TIMES City editor John Jay is commendably loyal to old friends other than Lord Hanson. He has rallied to the support of PR firm Financial Dynamics over its curious role in the Caradon insider dealing inquiry, where it may or may not have tipped off investment bank Robert Fleming ahead of poor figures from an FD client. The DTI will now decide on that one.

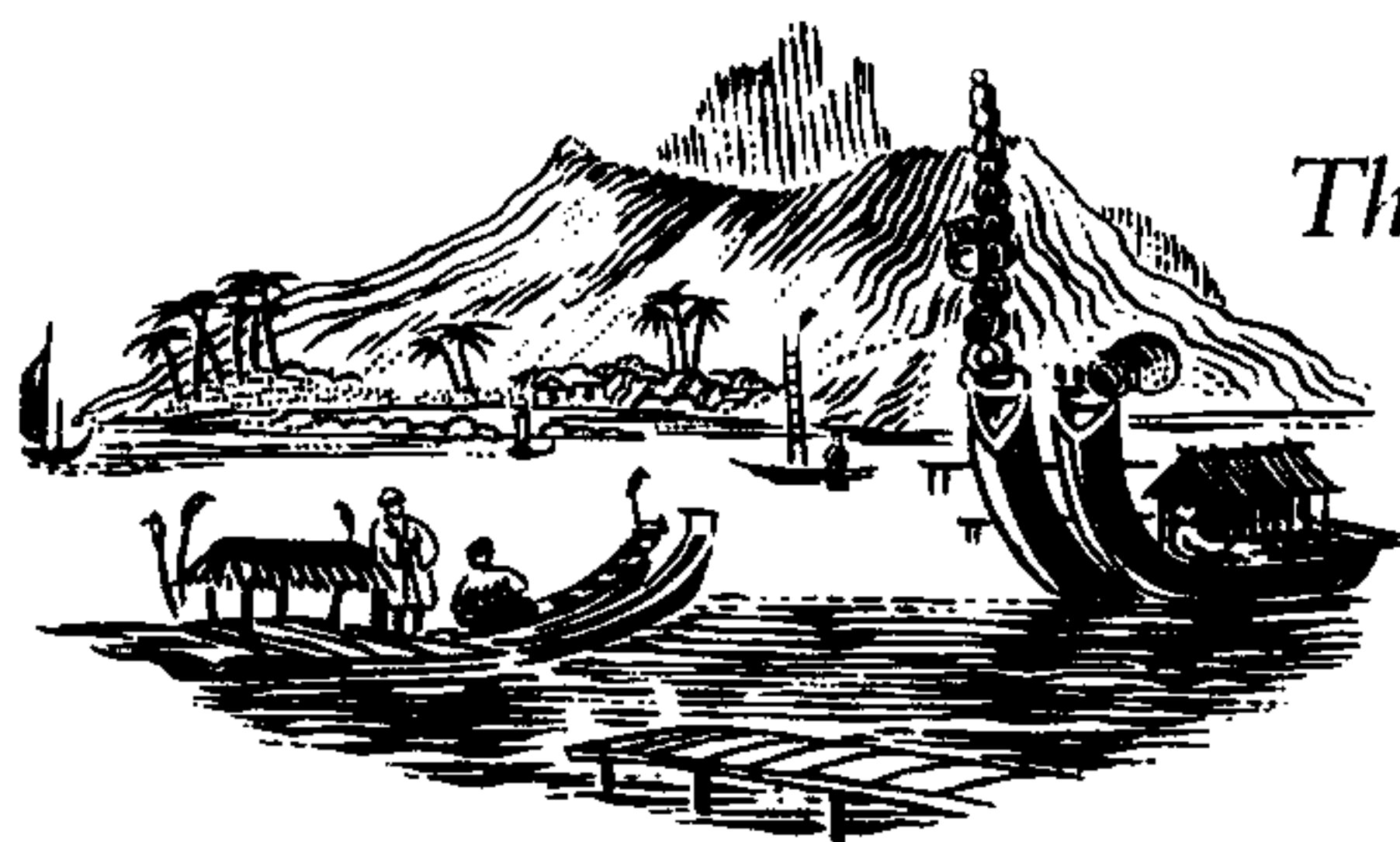
Jay's pro-Financial Dynamics line is clearly unrelated to the fact that the man in the Caradon frame, FD boss Tony Knox, is a close friend who was at his wedding. Jeff Randall, his *Sunset Times* predecessor, is also now at Financial Dynamics.

But it is the Knox connection which insiders suggest has more to do with Jay's backing for one of the two greatest proponents of the Friday night drop. And guess who was one of the Sunday newspapers last September that received the word (soon after Flemings) that Caradon was about to produce worse than expected results prompting the company to advance its announcement of the bad news!

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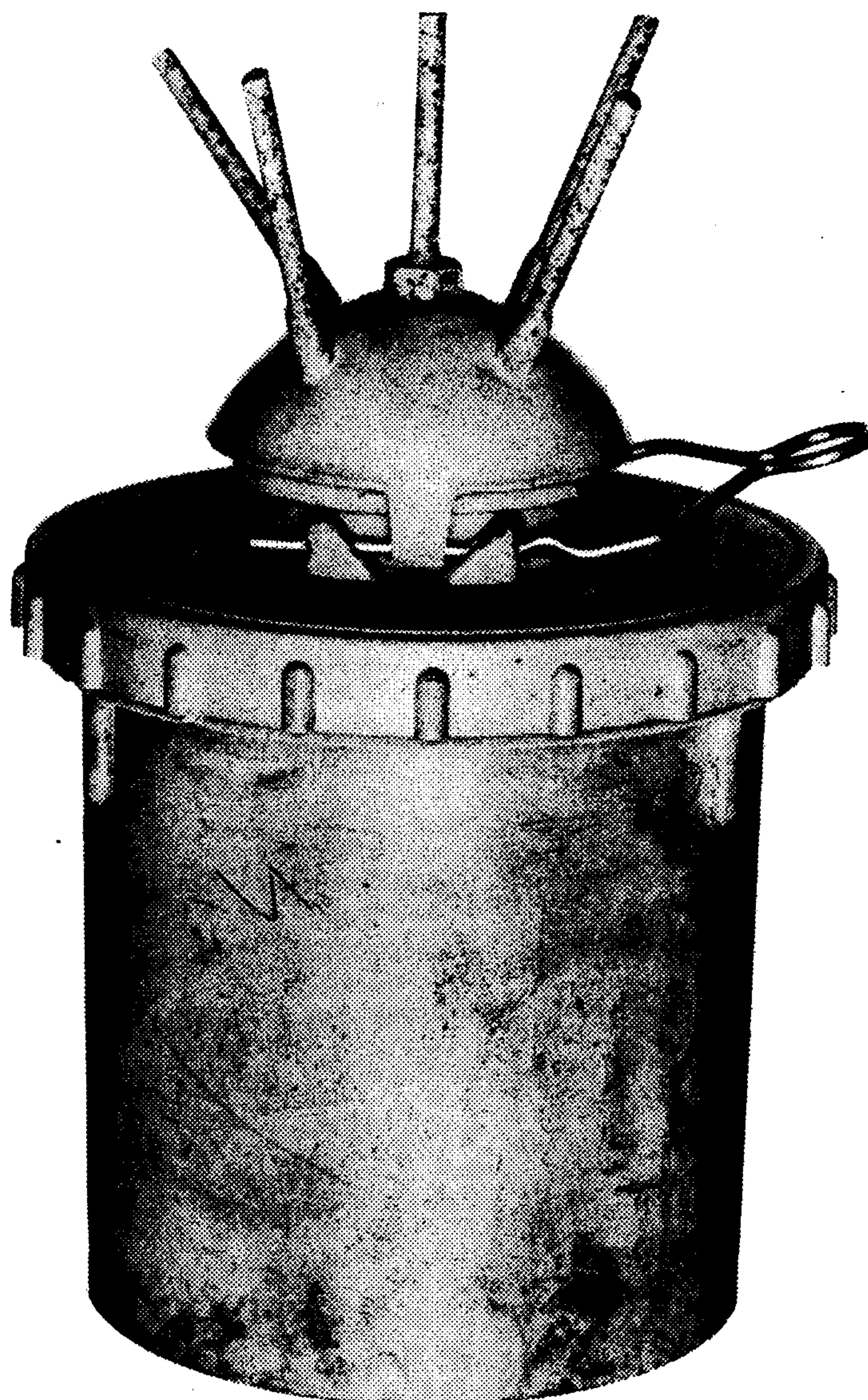
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Craig Brown, Evening Standard



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APOLOGIES — Due to the huge response to our "3- for- the- price- of- 2" offer and the increased space required for editorial in this issue, we regret many Eye Love ads have been held-over to next issue. ALL WILL BE PUBLISHED in order of receipt — in time for your new spring romance!

This Mother's Day show how much you care.



On March 17th, why settle for a traditional present? Instead why not give your mother (or someone equally dear) one of the four floral gifts available this Mother's Day from the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Two rose bushes are available from Harkness Roses; the yellow 'Conquest Rose', which has been especially bred for Imperial Cancer, or the 'Rising Star Rose' in red. Arriving ready for planting, these roses will bloom for years, reminding her of your love and of the contribution her rose has made to the fight against cancer.

Or why not send your Mother one of our two special bouquets arranged by Floral Occasions, either by post or by overnight courier?

Included in the price of each gift is delivery (UK mainland only), VAT, and a personalised greetings card. And with all these gifts you are giving a really special gift - a donation of at least £5 to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

☐ Please send a yellow 'Conquest' rose bush. I enclose £15.00

☐ Please send a red 'Rising Star' rose bush. I enclose £15.00

Please note that both rose bushes are delivered by 1st class post and will arrive in the bare root stage ready for planting

☐ Please send the 'Lilac Bouquet' (carnations, freesias and ferns). I enclose £18.00

Delivered ready arranged by 1st class post

☐ Please send the 'Luxury Bouquet' (a selection of fresh cut flowers and green ferns)

Delivered by courier. I enclose £25.00 (£34.00 if delivered on Mother's Day itself)

Please deliver Tues 12th*/ Wed 13th*/ Thurs 14th*/ Fri 15th*/ Mother's Day* (*Delete as required)

SENDER'S NAME

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ Tel _____

I would like to pay £ _____ by Access/Visa/Amex/Switch. If Switch, please give Issue No. _____

Card No. _____

SIGNATURE _____ Expires _____

X

I enclose a non-refundable cheque for £ _____ made payable to ICRF Trading Ltd

The profit from the sale of each gift by ICRF Trading Ltd is covenanted directly to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund

MOTHER'S/ RECIPIENT'S NAME

Mrs/Ms _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ Tel _____

Message on card reads: "Happy Mother's Day with love and best wishes from _____"

" (max. 10 words)



Thank you
**Imperial Cancer
Research Fund**

Charity Registration Number 209631

Orders should be posted to:

Imperial Cancer Research Fund, P.O. Box 264, Exeter, EX4 5YZ

Please note: Orders must be received by Tuesday 12th March 12.00pm to ensure delivery by Mother's Day

The Luxury Bouquet will be delivered on Thursday 14th March unless otherwise specified

If stocks run out, ICRF reserves the right to substitute a rose bush or bouquet of equal value and quality

FILL IN THE FORM OR CALL THIS NUMBER TO ORDER YOUR MOTHER'S DAY GIFT

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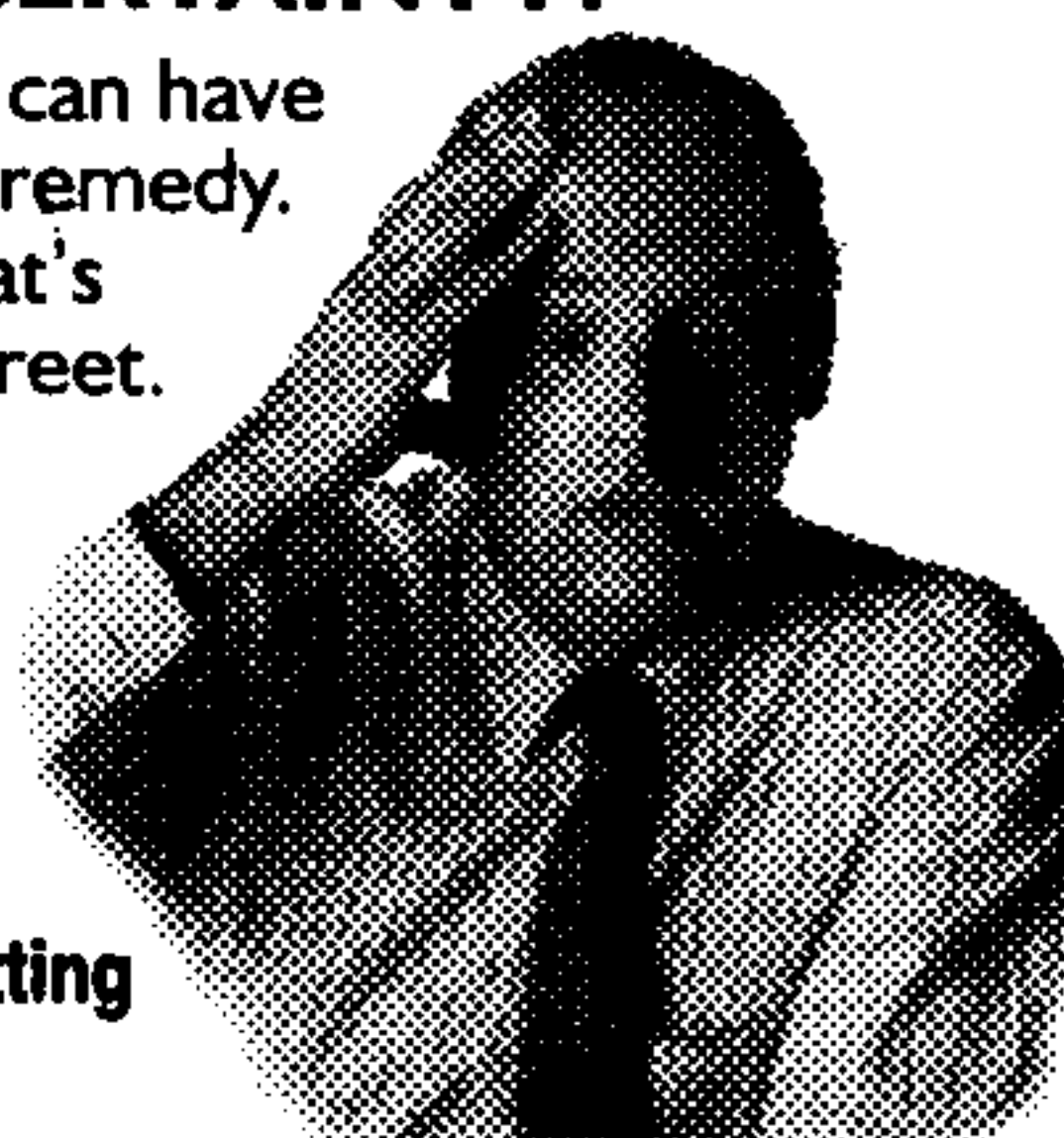
DISCREET SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

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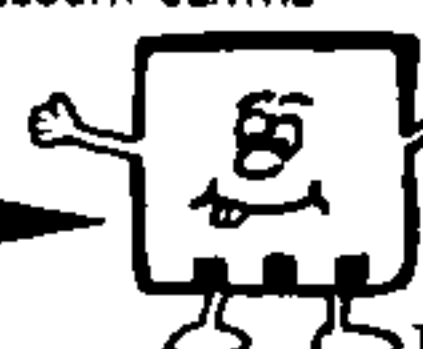
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Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

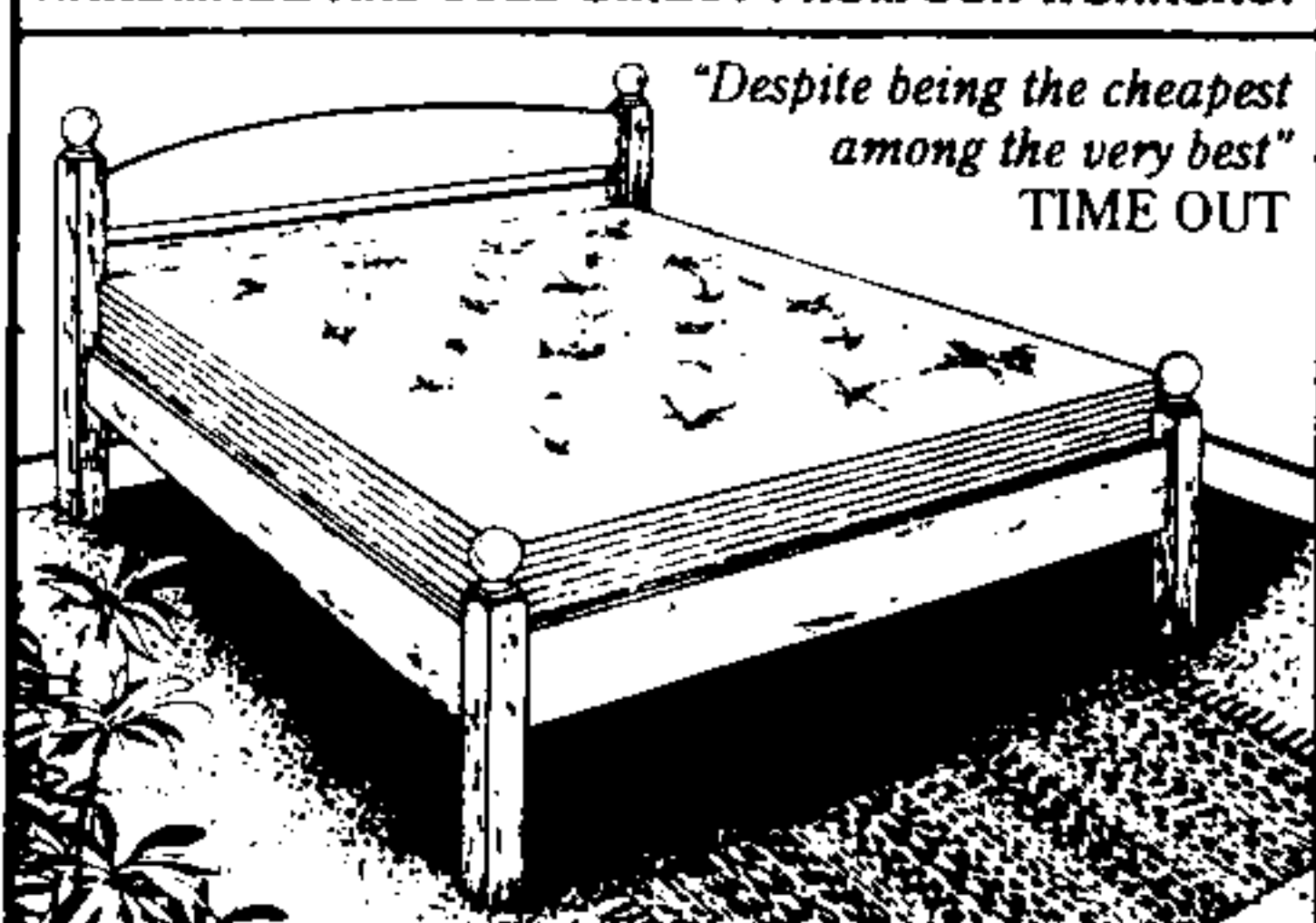
LIPSI The wilder shores of Greece. Unspoilt. Remote, lovely quiet uncrowded beaches.
TILOS Undiscovered. Remote, tranquil, serene. The island where time stands still.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Very friendly and typically Greek.
LEROS Gentle rolling hills. Secluded bays, picturesque harbours, sparkling seas.
HALKI Discover the magical charm of a totally unspoilt island, with a beautiful harbour.
SYMI Undiscovered and unspoilt. Unbelievably beautiful - for the romantic.
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Secluded beaches. Excellent tavernas.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, azure seas. Watersports, cosmopolitan & lively.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery, good beaches. Friendly tavernas, varied night life.

IT'S ALL IN OUR AMAZINGLY HONEST
BROCHURE **01629 824 881**

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FREE

Test to find your Perfect Partner

If you want to meet the partner of your dreams why not take part in our new campaign. Whether you are young or old you could find the person you have been looking for amongst many thousands of our members throughout the country, all seeking their special partner. A friend who is always there for you! Someone who understands you. A partner who loves you and accepts you as you are.



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Simply complete this questionnaire and send it to us today!

Or call us on
(01869) 324 100

You will receive in the strictest confidence, entirely free of charge and with no obligation:

1. The name and brief description of someone who could be your perfect partner.
2. Our colour brochure with lots of information about seeking a partner and meeting people.
3. A copy of our paperback "All You Need Is Love" (R.R.P. £3.99)

Take Part Today!

The couples shown on this page are all genuine Dateline members who have kindly given their permission to let us share with you a snapshot of their success. Fill in the coupon below and you could be joining the many thousands who have found love and happiness through Dateline.

Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Ms ☐

Surname: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

Post Code: _____

Tel No. _____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.



2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Age: _____ Height: _____

Occupation: _____

Religion: _____

Build: slight ☐ medium ☐ large ☐

Attractiveness:

Very attractive ☐ Attractive ☐ Average ☐

3. Education

Private / Public ☐ Grammar ☐

Comprehensive ☐

Secondary Modern ☐

O Levels / GCSE's ☐ A levels ☐

Further Education ☐

University / Professional Equivalent ☐

Technical Qualification ☐

4. Your Personality

(tick which traits closely describe you)

☐ Affectionate ☐ Fashionable

☐ Serious ☐ Practical

☐ Considerate ☐ Conventional

☐ Shy ☐ Reliable

☐ Romantic ☐ Adventurous

5. Your Attitudes

(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank if you don't feel strongly)

☐ Do you prefer town life?

☐ Do you involve yourself with community activities?

☐ Do you have many friends of your own sex?

☐ Are you interested in current affairs?

☐ Are you looking for one special relationship?

☐ Do you like team activities?

☐ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?

☐ Do you feel resentful when forced to act quickly?

☐ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?

☐ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

6. Your interests

(sections 6. and 7. Please tick for a liking, cross for a dislike or leave blank for no pref.)

☐ Wining/Dining ☐ Jazz/Folk music

☐ Pubs ☐ Classical music

☐ Sports/Keep fit ☐ Theatre/Arts

☐ Entertaining ☐ Watching TV

☐ Reading ☐ Smoking

☐ Travelling ☐ Mixing with friends

☐ Walking ☐ Children

☐ Cinema ☐ D.I.Y. / Crafts

☐ Pets/Animals ☐ Gardening

☐ Pop music ☐ Sightseeing



7. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age: _____ Maximum age: _____

Height: min. _____ max. _____ Don't mind ☐

Marital status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Don't mind ☐

Build: slight ☐ medium ☐ large ☐

Attractiveness:

Very attractive ☐ Attractive ☐ Average ☐

Dept. PE 48



Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at
Dateline 23 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AL or call us now on (01869) 324 100